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SOLITUDE-LETTERS



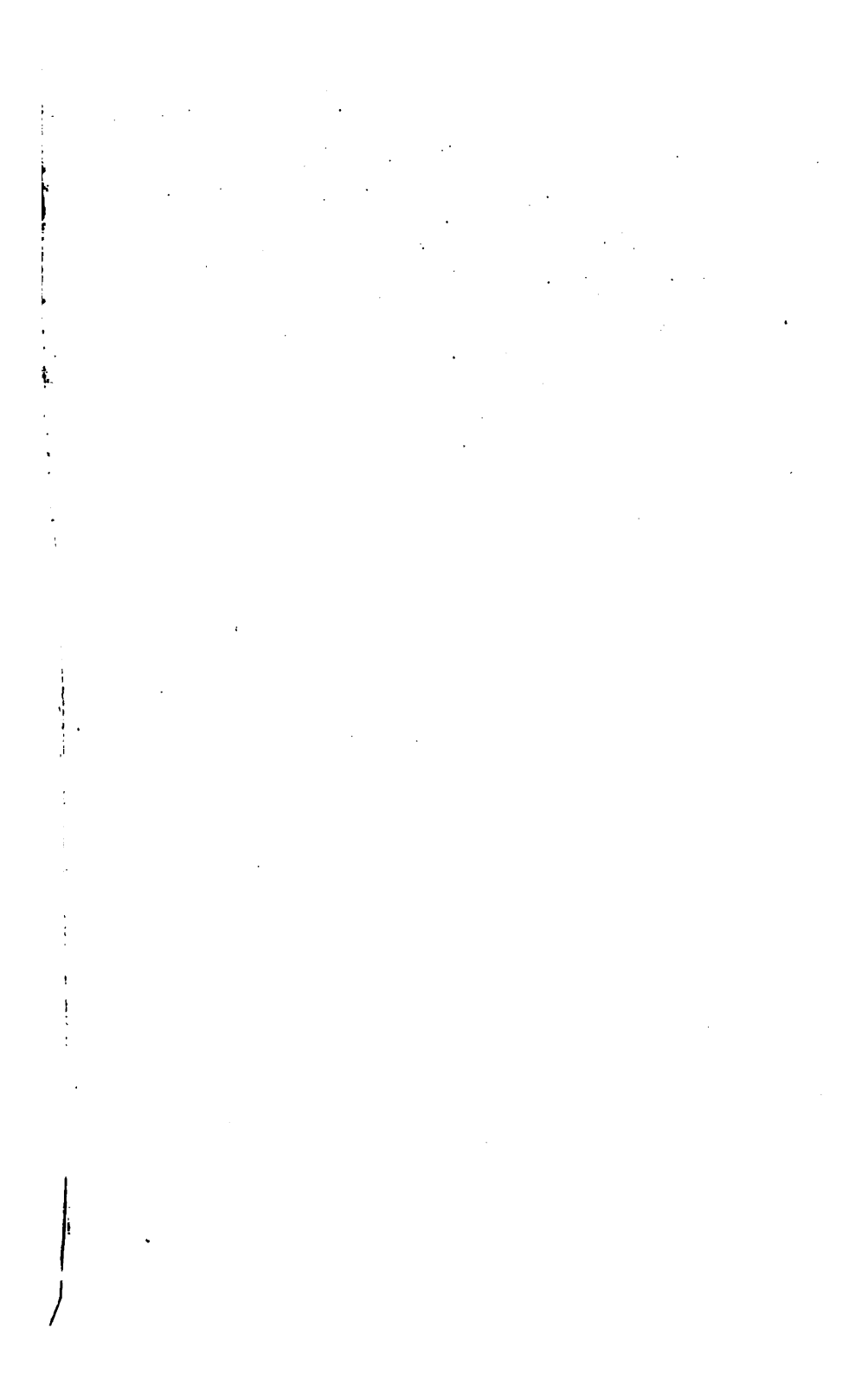
MARY-TAYLOR-BLAUVELT

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SOLITUDE LETTERS

BY

MARY TAYLOR BLAUVELT

Author of "In Cambridge Backs," "The Development
of Cabinet Government in England," etc.



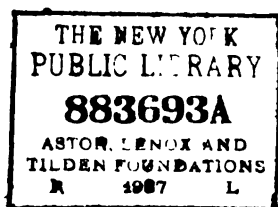
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TO
K. S. P.

RECEIVED MAR 1957

"It was made plain to me that it was the love and worship of some other soul that was the constraining force."

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

"Love is the union of souls that aspire together."

MAZZINI

"A living commandment ever to worship that which comes from the East."

CHANTECLER

SOLITUDE, June 15th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Here we are in our summer home, Father, Mother, Eleanor and I, and it is good to think that there are fifteen weeks of real home life ahead of me. The whole school year has been spent either in teaching or in constant converse with pupils and colleagues. I feel that I have lived very much upon the surface of things; the regular occupations, combined with the necessity that a resident teacher is under of keeping constantly on the alert, and in touch with her environment, even in its most minute details, have made real thinking impossible. So, much as I love my work, it is good to get away and just have a quiet home time with my own people. We shall read, walk, talk and think together, and, above all, we shall let each other alone a great deal, in order that there may be more that is worth while to talk about and think about when we come together. The place is not quite the solitude that it was when we first came here six summers ago. We have a number of pleasant neighbors, of whom we see not a little, and who give us the stimulus that we need. But I fancy that I shall be alone a great deal either on the piazza or in the woods back of the house. Sometimes I will read, some-

times I will write, and sometimes I will commune with my own heart and be still.

What I read about, think about and dream about I will write to you, to you who are the inspiration of so much of my thinking. I once heard a man say that his father's letters were disappointing, because they contained nothing but facts such as, "I went to New York on the 9:08 train this morning." The son said that he did not care whether his father went to New York on the 9:08 train or on any other train; what he wanted was his father's point of view, and this it was impossible to get from his letters. My letters this summer will probably contain nothing but point of view. For I hope and expect that nothing will happen to me, so I shall give you the record of what is happening within me. Doubtless in your travels much will happen to you, but I shall be most interested if in your letters you can dwell not upon sights and events, but upon the results which they produce in you. Don't write me guide-book letters; I have a number of Baedeker's. If we are to be real friends we must know each other, and the real You, the real I, is to be discerned not in that which we do, but in that which we think. And I have often thought that we write letters at times when our bodies are separated, in order that we may give each other pictures of our souls, and these soul pictures are frequently better portraits, because of the absence of the body. For while it is true that the body

was given to us in order that the soul might find expression through it, yet when we are together I often feel that bodies, especially nervous bodies like yours and mine, hinder the soul's expression quite as much as they help it. In letters there are no bodies, spirit answers to spirit.

But while I hope that my letters may interest you, and that through them the sympathy between us may be increased, I write not for your sake so much as for my own. For it is not so necessary that you should know what I think as it is that I should think, and think clearly. And I cannot really think except as I express my thought, and so dependent am I upon sympathy, that I cannot express it without a sympathetic listener such as you have always been.

Moreover if I spent less time this summer in letter writing, I should devote it to reading, and reading without writing, amassing ideas without expressing them, gets to be pure mental laziness, and tends to weaken rather than to strengthen the intellect. By constant poring over books we get no clear conception of truth, nothing but vague and disorganized impressions. The facts and ideas, which we have gathered from a variety of sources, serve no purpose save to perplex and cumber the mind, unless indeed it be to breed conceit. Some of the laziest men intellectually that I have ever known have been bookworms, and frequently there is nothing that the bookworm hates to do so much as to think. And if it is not that

which goeth into him but that which cometh out of him that defileth the man, so it is not so much that which goeth into him as that which cometh out of him, that tendeth unto edification, his own edification, though of course what comes out depends to a considerable extent upon what goes in.

And yet I know that the gratification of my need for verbal expression is not without its danger. Many of the strongest people that I know have been silent people, and I have felt that their silence was the source of their strength. Men and women who must pour every experience, every emotion, every idea, every ache and pain into the ear of a sympathetic listener, are generally lacking in independence, in self-reliance, in everything that goes to make strength of character. For their experiences do not gain sufficient hold upon the nature to make a deep or lasting impression. Perhaps herein lies part of the secret of the artist's frequent moral weakness; his strength is given to expressing rather than to controlling himself, he is too much interested in watching and analyzing his experiences, to make much effort to master them. And thus there is some truth in Emerson's saying that "the very thing that is necessary to the success of the performance is ruining the performer." For while we certainly develop ourselves as we express ourselves, the development is intellectual and artistic, not necessarily moral.

I know if you were here your letters would be filled with the beauty of the country. I believe that I enjoy Nature as much as you do, but I do not think about it, I feel it, and what I feel, but do not think, I cannot put into words. Nevertheless I am as conscious of my surroundings as you would be, and if I do not think about Nature, what I feel about her helps me to think better about everything else.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, June 18, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I think of you very often as you are crossing the ocean. There is to me nothing so restful as an ocean voyage, the feeling of vastness that is given by the expanse of water and sky, the "blue above and the blue beneath," brings peace. And then I like the chance acquaintance. Generally speaking, while I value friends, I do not care for acquaintances, but the acquaintances that one makes on an ocean steamer are different from other acquaintances. One is at perfect leisure, therefore one has time for them. The objection to acquaintances at other times is that they interrupt work, but on the steamer I do not expect to work. Moreover as soon as I land that is the end of them. But they have given me a stimulus, have added a few ideas, have in some way enriched life. I look back with pleasure to many steamer acquaintances, some of whom might have become friends, were it not that life is already too full for me, and probably also for them. And then people who would bore me at other times interest me when on an ocean trip. I suppose that the reason why people ever bore me is because they contribute nothing to the general scheme of my life, so that unless I can help them in some way I feel that I am wasting time when I am with them. But during an ocean voyage I am not trying to

build up my general scheme of life, and yet these people do help me, if not to build it up, at least to broaden it out. In term time I am so absorbed in certain pursuits, certain ideas, that the tendency is to shut out everything else. In crossing the ocean I have put these pursuits away for the time being, and so am free to enlarge my horizon. Friends are in a sense narrowing, because I only care, in a personal way, for those who are interested in somewhat the same things in which I am interested. But when my mind is at leisure I care, temporarily at least, for everybody who seems to me to be sincere.

"Simple and sincere," we say: why do the two go together? I suppose it is because in the sense in which we use the words, they are almost synonymous, and mean without affectation, without pretense. We find simple sincere people at the two ends of the social scale, among very plain people, and then again among the most highly cultured. Very plain people do not pretend, because it does not occur to them to do so, they are so evidently plain ignorant people that it would be impossible to pretend to be anything else. And then at the top of the ladder highly cultured people do not pretend, because they have no occasion to do so, they are that which others pretend to be. Not that they know all things, or have had all experiences, but they know a sufficient number of things, and have had a sufficient number of experiences, to realize that they can afford to admit

that there are things that they do not know, and experiences that they have not had. It is in the intermediate stage that we pretend, in the stage in which we have come to realize that it is desirable to know and to be more than we are, yet have not attained unto it.

Is this insincerity, this pretense then, wholly to be regretted? Is it not sometimes the first step in advance, since it at least means that the pretender in some sense recognizes his deficiency, and the desirability of that to which he pretends? If all evil is, as many wise men hold, nothing but good in the making, may not pretense then be truth in the making? Sometimes new rich people pretend to care for art and literature, and the result is that their children really do care. Two friends of mine were once in Florence, in the Uffizzi, when some very common-looking Americans came in, and began to comment upon the pictures in an offensive way. One of my friends exclaimed, "Alas! my country!" But the other said, "No, these are the very people of whom you ought to be proud. All countries have their cultured people but what country save America has many people like that able to travel? Their children will be finer than they are, perhaps their grand-children will be truly cultured people." We will hope so, but certainly the first steps in advance, if they are in advance, are not pleasing.

I have thought that we do not find so much of this kind of pretense, this kind of insincerity in

the Old World. Class distinctions are so fixed there, that it is impossible to pretend to belong to a class other than one's own, and except in very rare cases, it is quite as impossible to actually rise into the class in which one would be. So there is more dignity in life, because people are not constantly scrambling to get up higher; if a man is ambitious he is generally trying to fill well the place in which he is, instead of struggling to get into a better place. This means honest work, dignity and repose. I sometimes wonder whether we shall ever combine the advantages of the democratic country with those of the aristocratic country. I hope so, for to despair of so doing would be not to have sufficient faith in life, or in the Lord of life.

And yet the kind of sincerity that we find in the Old World cannot after all be very valuable, since the fact that it so seldom stands the test of emigration would seem to prove that it is not of the heart. For it is the children of foreigners who in this country especially abound in pretense. I once crossed the ocean in company with a simple old German-American woman whom every one respected; she was plain, but certainly a lady in her soul. Her daughter, much overdressed and very vulgar, was evidently ashamed of her, while all their cultured fellow passengers thought the mother vastly the superior. It made me feel that whatever we may in time teach the foreigners who are coming to us, we certainly begin by teaching

them bad manners and vulgarity. And is not what is true of the sincerity of the plain people of the Old World also often true of the sincerity of our own plain people? Do they after all stand the test of sudden prosperity, and the change of associations that come with it, better than the Old World people stand the test of emigration? Is sincerity then a virtue of the cultured, and only of the cultured? That is, is there no one free from pretense save those who have no temptation to pretend? It would be rather discouraging to think so.

I suppose that the reason that pretense is such an offensive thing is that we do not generally pretend because we love that which we are pretending, but because we wish to add to our prestige, to our "pomp and circumstances" as an old deacon that I knew used to say, and frequently we are not even willing to work and make sacrifices to become that which we wish to be thought.

"So, all that the old Dukes had been, without knowing it

This Duke would fain know he was without being it."

And yet is it fair to attribute this failure to exert ourselves wholly to indolence? Is it not largely due to the fact, that while we are not satisfied with what we are, we have as yet no clear conception of what we would be, nor is it possible for most of us without guidance to obtain such a conception?

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, June 21st, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Since I last wrote, Eleanor and I have been reading Maeterlinck's essay on "Sincerity." Do you know it? He is writing not of the sincerity which I had in mind in my last letter, the absence of pretense toward the world in general, but the sincerity that bosom friends long for with each other, the sincerity that I trust you and I are attaining. This kind of sincerity he says, and rightly says, is not possible except between lofty and trained consciences, and these consciences must be equal or almost equal. "For," he goes on to say, "it is impossible to be sincere with others, without learning first to be sincere with one's self. Sincerity is only the consciousness and analysis of the motives of all life's actions. It is the expression of this consciousness that one is able later on to lay before the eyes of the being with whom one is seeking the happiness of sincerity."

It would seem as though sincerity with one's friend is in some respects just the opposite of sincerity with the world at large. For, while to be sincere with the world, the essential thing seems to be the absence of self-consciousness, that is one should not think about the self, to be sincere with one's friend it is necessary that one should know the self, and to know the self one must think about the self. And just as in order to be sincere with a

lover or a bosom friend, it is necessary to know the self, so I believe that in order to know the self, it is necessary to feel the love called forth by lover or by bosom friend. For we come to a knowledge of ourselves only as we lose ourselves in another, it is only he who loves who really knows himself. This is one of the offices of love, not the love which the beloved has for us, but the love which we have for the beloved, to reveal us to ourselves. And since it is the love which we give that is the revealer, not the love which we get, even unrequited love may perform this office. I do not believe that the family affections can do it; this self-knowledge comes to us only with love that has a definite beginning, that makes a new epoch in our lives.

But why should we know ourselves? Is anything to be gained by this knowledge? Yes, because only as we know ourselves, can we be ourselves. For in order to reform and develop the self, one must know the self, its faults, its possibilities, and its limitations. "Know thyself," the old Greeks said, for "knowledge is virtue." Jesus Himself seemed partially to assent to this doctrine when He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," St. Peter when he said, "Now brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers," St. Paul when he wrote, "Which none of the princes of the world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory."

But Maeterlinck goes on to say: "Thus under-

stood, sincerity's aim is not to lead to moral perfection. It leads elsewhere, higher if we will, in any case to more human and fertile regions. The perfection of a character, as we generally understand it, is too often but an unproductive abstention, a sort of starving, an abatement of instinctive life within us which is, when all is said, the one source of all the other lives which we succeed in organizing within us. This perfection tends to suppress our too ardent desires, ambition, pride, vanity, egoism, the craving for enjoyment, in short all the human passions, that is to say all that constitutes our primitive vital force, the very groundwork of our energy of existence, which nothing can replace. If we stifle within ourselves all the manifestations of life, to substitute for them merely the contemplation of their defeat, soon we shall have nothing left to contemplate." He expresses the same thought in the essay entitled "Portrait of a Lady," when he writes "How should she have the necessary energy, if she were deprived of ambition and pride? How could she thrust aside unjust obstacles, if she did not possess a reserve of selfishness, proportionate to the lawful exigencies of her life? How should she be ardent and fond, if she were not sensual? How should she be kind, if she were not a little weak? How should she be trustful, if she were not often too credulous? How should she be beautiful, if she knew not mirrors and did not seek to please? How should she preserve her feminine grace, if

she had no innocent vanities? How should she be generous, if she were not a little improvident? How should she be just, if she were not able to be hard, how brave if she were not rash? How should she be devoted and capable of sacrifice, if she never escaped from the control of icy reason?"

I think that the difficulty lies in Maeterlinck's definition of vice. Ambition for instance is not a vice but a virtue, it is only when it is misdirected that it becomes a vice. Nor is it a vice to possess "a reserve of selfishness proportionate to the lawful exigencies of life." We are commanded to love the neighbor as the self. It follows then that it is lawful to love the self. If dirt is matter out of place, so vice is often virtue out of place. The perfect character is not the character that is devoid of qualities, but rather, according to the etymology of the word, the character that is made through and through, that is that has all its qualities developed just so far as it is possible to develop them, without interfering unduly with each other. Perfection, so far from being the negation of qualities, is rather the possession of all qualities, only in proper proportion. Furthermore, that which is the proper proportion for one is not always the proper proportion for another, else we should all be alike. It is right that some should be more ambitious, that others should be more contented, that some should prefer the strenuous life, that others should prefer the contemplative life. For what is perfection for the one

is not perfection for the other. Each must be complete according to his own pattern. And the advantage of knowing one's self is that one finds out what one's own pattern is, and seeks to realize this pattern and not another. One sees then that self-control is necessary, but only as a means to self-development. And when self-control is a means and not an end it can never become the "un-productive abstention," the "abatement of instinctive life within us," that Maeterlinck fears. For self-control is not self-repression; the Puritan's mistake lay in thinking that it was.

You remember how in our girlhood we loved and admired Sophia Anderson. Now we know how she has justified our admiration, has become one of the world's great women. Katharine Thompson was talking to me about her the other day. She said "I never had but one real conversation with Miss Anderson, but I admire her, and in a sense even love her, more than any other human being, and the reason is that it is so evident that she has an emotional nature, such as the rest of us hardly dream of, but it is under perfect control." Controlled, but not repressed.

I am getting very eager to hear from you, but I am sure that I shall not have to wait long now.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, June 28th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

It was good to get your first letter this morning, and to know that you had had so pleasant a voyage. You timed it just right, it came exactly on my birthday. You say that you don't know whether I want to be congratulated on being forty years old. Yes, dear, I do. For on this birthday I have been greatly impressed, in reading the account of the first miracle, with the words of the ruler of the feast to the bridegroom, "Every man doth at the beginning set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now." And I think that when life is at all what it should be, the good wine is always kept, if not until the end, at least until the middle. When one's preparation time has been even approximately well spent, how great is the joy of being middle-aged! To begin with, we have acquired the right to be ourselves. How much the child and the young person sometimes suffer through not being like other people! We try to mold all children alike, that is we try and rightly try, to make them all-round people, to cultivate every power, to remedy every deficiency. But the mature person does not need to be all-around; it is permitted to him to be a thing *sui generis*, if only

the genus is sincere and good; he is allowed to be one-sided, provided that side is well-developed: if only he is something, we do not quarrel with him because he is not everything, though of course we do like to feel that his sympathies, if they cannot include everything, at least include many things.

Then by the time that we reach middle age we have become acquainted with our powers, and also with our limitations. So we no longer wear ourselves out trying to do the impossible, we concentrate on the possible, for we come to appreciate the truth of Ruskin's saying, that whatever we can do at all we can do easily. And things become so easy as we get older! I remember that when Lady Augusta Stanley died someone, I forgot who, wrote to her husband, "I hope you will not let your great sorrow interfere with your work, for it is borne upon me that the last ten years of life should be the most fruitful." If the mental powers do not fail this should be especially true of the writer, perhaps not always of the original genius, but certainly of the scholarly writer. His material both from books and from life has been collected, his style has been acquired; now there is nothing left to do but to write. I know an elderly scholar who says that he has the material for a dozen books; his only difficulty is to know which to write first.

Claire MacIan called my attention the other day to the way in which we use the words work and play. One may involve as much exertion as the

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other, but when the exertion is chiefly for the sake of the result we call it work, when it is chiefly for the pleasure that we find in exerting ourselves, we call it play. Why do we speak of playing the piano? Is it not because the real artist has reached the point where he plays simply for the pleasure that he finds in expressing himself? The beginner does not, properly speaking, play the piano, he works the piano, it is only the artist who plays. And as we go on in life do not many forms of work become play? And is work likely to be well done except as it does become play? "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Does that mean except your work become play? Certainly when our work becomes play we do enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

Then another advantage of being middle-aged is that we have already borne a good many sorrows and disappointments, and having come through them safely, we have reason to think that we may come through others. The first time that Nature says plain "No" to some "Yes" in us it seems unendurable, but we do endure it, we even become happy again, and then we realize that we can endure another "No" and be happy in time. I was horrified by your account of Rachael Brown's suicide. Horrified, but the more I have thought about it (and I cannot get it out of my mind), the better I have come to understand it. She did it because she was not forty years old!

Disappointment came to her before she was old enough to know that she had sufficient strength, not only to bear all that might come to her, but even to be happy in bearing.

And even in worldly things disappointment and failure seem so final in youth. Do you remember how distressed I was fifteen years ago because I could not get that position in X——? You wrote me, "Perhaps you have failed to secure that which seems so desirable to you because there is something still better in store for you." That was the way it turned out. And having turned out that way once, I have faith to believe that it may do so again.

So from every point of view I am glad to be forty years old! But I don't know that I want to be much older. I feel that I'd like to stay forty forever!

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 1st, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

The other day I received a letter from a friend who is not finding his work agreeable, and wishes to change it for something entirely different. He writes, "I believe that it is always best and wisest to try to change circumstances to suit ourselves, rather than to try to change ourselves to suit circumstances." That is quite a different doctrine from the one in which I was brought up. I was taught that I must adapt myself to circumstances. I suppose, however, that there is no always about it, that sometimes one should seek to change circumstances, sometimes adapt one's self to them, and some people should make it the general rule to do the one, while others should more often do the other. The most successful people I know (perhaps it would be better to say the most conspicuously successful people I know, —for how can we judge who is really the most successful?), are those who have changed circumstances rather than submit to them. Even when they have submitted temporarily, it has always been with a view to changing them. I have other friends of equal, sometimes it has seemed to me of finer ability and of finer natures, who have been content to do perfect detailed work in a very small way. Sometimes I have fretted over them, have

wished that I could in some way rouse their ambition, have resented seeing others who, as it seemed to me, were inferior, getting ahead of them. Now I know better than that; they are happy, they are useful, they are developing themselves in all-round ways, often they are most loved and most needed. When the conspicuously successful person dies, a great many people are sorry, but frequently there is no one whose life is absolutely changed by the death, there is no one to whom such a person is indispensable. And after all the greatest happiness is to feel that one is absolutely essential to some one. Moreover while there is need for a few to do work in what seems a big way, there is need for a great many to do work in what seems a small way. So both those who change circumstances, and those who adapt themselves to circumstances have their place; the only man for whom there is no place is he who will do neither the one thing nor the other. And each must follow his star, the object of life is to fulfill one's self. He who tries to change circumstances simply because he wishes to be conspicuous, craves worldly success, is wrong: he who submits to circumstances simply because he is cowardly or lazy is also wrong, while he who either changes or submits in order that he may best fulfil himself is right.

I have sometimes thought that it is the one-sided person who is most likely to attain eminence. Being cut off from many things he concentrates on the one thing that he can do. He who can do

everything finds so much to do in any place in which he is, that he has no time to think about getting out of his place, or to develop any one talent fully. Yet after all the greatest men have been many-sided.

Ever yours,
CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 8th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Yes, it is as you say, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there are those for whom it seems impossible that work should become play. I think of the girl who sticks labels on three thousand spools of thread a day,—six thousand labels—licking them with her tongue, because she is not allowed a sponge, or the man who spends his whole life straightening needles, and then I wonder! It is true that a man's life does not consist in the abundance of things that he possesseth, but it does consist largely in the work that he does. And if this work is not life-giving but deadening, how shall he know life?

There is a good deal of cant about the way in which people quote that text "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth." I heard Miss Lambert quote it once to a poor struggling teacher, Miss Lambert, the possessor of ten millions! I thought that it would have come with a better grace from one who possessed nothing. And while it is certainly true in the sense in which Jesus meant it, there is a sense in which it is not true. Did you ever read Zangwill's story "The Master"? You will remember that after the hero has attained eminence, he falls in love with a beautiful and attrac-

tive woman of artistic temperament. One day this woman makes a remark which reminds him of his mother, his mother who, because of the hardships of her life, had been a most unlovable, though not unloving, shrew. Then it flashed across him that his mother and this woman really had the same temperament, but his mother's life had brought out all that was unlovely in that temperament, Eleanor's all that was lovely. "For a moment," says Zangwill, "he hated Eleanor, hated her for her wealth, hated her for all that made him love her."

You and I have had to earn our living, probably we amount to more than we should have amounted to, had we not been under this necessity. But we have been able to earn a sufficient living, sufficient to give us all the things that are really necessary for culture, books, travel, music, theaters, pretty if not expensive things for our homes, and even a fair number of dainty clothes! And more than all, our incomes have been sufficient to enable us to lead lives, in which we have met the kind of people that we like to have for friends. Had our days been passed in abject poverty, what would we have been? Certainly quite different from what we are, possibly of course better, but I confess that I fear that I would not have stood the test of being shut out from all the things that interest me. My life, such as it is, has certainly been in a sense the result of the things that I have possessed, and of the work

that I have done in order to possess them.

Mazzini objected to the Socialists because, as he said, they substituted the progress of humanity's kitchen for the progress of humanity. But while I am willing to admit that it is possible for humanity's kitchen to progress without corresponding progress on the part of humanity, I am unable to see how humanity can progress far without some progress in the kitchen department. Therefore I am interested in all efforts on the part of governments and of individuals to improve the material condition of mankind. It is true that we can attain no real social regeneration except as each individual is regenerated, spiritual progress is the only genuine progress, and for this legislation can do nothing directly. But legislation can certainly do something indirectly, by changing environment. A clean body does not always mean a pure heart, but it does mean that the attainment of a pure heart has been made easier. How shall he be clean inside to whom it has never been permitted to be clean outside?

And can we very much blame those who cannot be clean, when they resent the fact that cleanliness comes so easily to others? Do you remember how Tom in "Water Babies" was tempted to fire a stone at the smart little groom, because he was so clean? I can put myself in Tom's place, and partly sympathize. But the groom at least had done something to earn his cleanliness; what about those who have done nothing? Have you never

seen a lot of dirty, perhaps homeless dogs, fall upon a clean aristocratic-looking dog from a good home, almost as though they had made a plot to kill him? What have they against him? He has done nothing! Yes, that is it, he has done nothing, and he has a good home! If he has a better disposition than they have, who can tell what their dispositions might have been, had they been so fortunate as he?

Sometimes I resent the interdependence of mind and body, but I, who am one person on a cool day and another person on a warm day, can never deny that it exists. And so I am sure that the legislation that helps men's bodies does something to help their souls. If I wanted proof of it, I need only look at the difference between England and Germany. England's finest people are to me the finest on the face of the earth, but look at the degradation of her poor! Then go to Germany where there is poverty indeed, but little of the extreme poverty that means degradation, for the poor are almost always clean and self-respecting. And when I remember how short a time it is since the German laboring classes were serfs, I cannot help knowing that their present superiority is due largely to the legislation of a wise paternal government. Of course it may be better that improvement should come slower, and by the act of the people themselves; there is always danger that paternalism will be carried so far that men will either lose or fail to gain initiative power. But

I have sufficient faith in Germany, and in the wonderful Hohenzollern dynasty, to believe that when the children have been brought up to manhood, they will be treated like men.

As Political Economy is among the subjects that I teach, I have to think about these things, but I often reproach myself with being a mere sentimentalist. I think, but I do nothing! My tendency is to live in my own rather ideal little world with my books, my friends and my students, and when I do catch a glimpse of the big world outside, with its wrongs and its frequently sordid ideals, I feel so powerless to help that I want to get back into my own world. But certainly a clear view of existing wrongs and evil tendencies is not a bad thing, if combined therewith we can always have faith that real progress is being made, as I believe that it is, in the right direction, and if we do our share or at least try to do it to keep things moving in that direction. But I am certain that little is gained and much may be lost by frenzied efforts to accelerate motion without regard to direction.

And I am a teacher in a country school, both by choice and by necessity a little removed from what is ordinarily called life, so I cannot see that just now my part is anything except to try to plant in the girls whom I teach high ideals of life. I cannot come directly into contact with the wrongs and the sufferings of the world, and I have little faith in the ability of one who does not share

the strife to do anything toward solving the problems, which these wrongs and sufferings present. But my girls will go out into the wide, wide world, some of them will fill big places in it, and if with right hearts and well developed brains they attack these problems, surely they will do something toward solving them.

Ever yours,
CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 10th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

When Miss Lambert with her millions says, "A woman's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which she possesseth," when Robert Browning with his robust health writes, "Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul," when Phillips Brooks, the most successful clergyman in America, preaches, "A man should be content to fail," I do not feel that they quite have a right to speak. But then I remember that there was One Who did,— He who said "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." What did overcoming mean to Him? "The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." The accursed death of the cross! But it was overcoming, because in the end He could say "I have finished the work that Thou gavest me to do." And for each of us to overcome is simply to do the work that God meant her to do. And I suppose that no one except ourselves can prevent our doing that, no one but ourselves can keep us from apprehending that for which we have been apprehended of Christ Jesus.

Beatrice, do you think Jesus would have understood our cravings for beauty, for a richer, fuller life? If a woman had gone to Him and said "Lord

Jesus, I want more beauty in my life, I want to see pictures, to hear music, to be surrounded at least with things that do not offend my taste, I want more fellowship with people who care for the things for which I care, I want work that satisfies, and I want love that satisfies, and I want these things, because I truly believe that through them I could get nearer to Thee," do you think that He Who had not where to lay his head, Who never traveled save on foot, Who knew nothing of the beauties of literature and art, and did not need to know, because His soul was filled with the Supreme Beauty of which they are but emanations, do you think He would have understood and sympathized?

Dr. Hollister is more like Jesus than any one else whom I know, and I do not think that he has ever needed the things that you and I need. He enjoys beautiful things but he does not crave them, for like his Master "his meat is to do the will of Him that sent him." But then his belief in immortality is so absolute, he is so sure that this life is nothing but a preparation for that which is to be, that it makes very little difference to him what we have here. When I was a little girl I heard him say, "Suppose I knew that I was going to the most beautiful place imaginable, where I was to pass my whole life surrounded by everything and everybody that I love, would I not be a very small person if I kept complaining that, in order to get there, I had to take a hot

dusty railroad journey lasting an hour? And yet an hour is a larger fraction of this life, than this life is of the Eternity that is in store for us." Yes, if we believe in immortality the problem is solved, but if we do not there is no justice in God, there is no God, for would an unjust God be God?

It is against the emptiness of life, of some lives, that I rebel, not against sorrow, for I do see that even here affliction worketh out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But how few have the power to make emptiness work out fullness! It is true that there are some whose lives seem to have been emptied of all else that God might fill them with Himself, but how few!

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 15th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Do you know Professor F—— of Harvard? I saw a letter of his some time ago in which he says, "I often wonder why the university pays me for doing work which I would so gladly pay to be allowed to do if I could afford it." And do you know Professor P—— of Columbia? When an elderly clergyman, a friend of his, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, he wrote to him, "I have always thought the clergyman's life the most delightful open to man except the teacher's." I too think the ministry and teaching the two most delightful callings open to persons who are not geniuses. To write, to paint, to play, to sing, to act, these have seemed to me the most delightful occupations of all, but these are things that one can hardly choose to do; one must be chosen. But of the things that one chooses, preaching and teaching seem to me most delightful. The preacher needs to be a bigger man than the teacher, for if he would worthily fill his place, he must not only preach, but must be all things to all men. It is not so necessary that a teacher should be so, for the reason that there are generally a number of teachers on the staff of any school or college, and they make up each other's deficiencies, no one need be everything. Some

teachers are more interested in the work, some in the pupils. For myself I think I have on the whole been more influenced, have found more inspiration in the teacher whose main interest was in the work, although the teacher whose interest is in the pupils does seem from some points of view to be bigger and more unselfish, and perhaps is useful to more people. But each has his place, and the question for each of us is, not what is the absolutely best thing to do or be, but among the many good things that there are to do or be, which can I do or be best?

After all it is a mistake to say that while one is chosen for the artist's life, one may choose the teacher's or the clergyman's life. Theoretically, though alas! not practically, I think that it is pretty generally admitted that the ministry should be a vocation, that the clergyman should be called of God, the assurance of such a call in his case as in that of the artist's, being the combination of desire and ability, and I am convinced that the teacher should be chosen of God quite as much as the artist or the clergyman, for teachers too are born, not made. Teaching too should be a vocation, not a mere way of earning a living, the earning a living should be merely incidental. I would almost go so far as to say that no one should teach who could not say with Professor F—— "I sometimes wonder why the school pays me for doing work which I would so gladly pay to be allowed to do if I could afford it"; that so far

from looking upon teaching as a mere means of earning a living, the teacher should so love his work, that for its sake he should be willing, like the artist, to run the risk of not earning a living. Don't, however, understand me to advocate low pay for teachers. It is difficult even for the artist whose life is a constant struggle against poverty to keep up his enthusiasm, and they who in a reasonable time acquire freedom from financial worry are probably the best teachers as well as the best artists. Only we should seek to be free from financial anxiety, in order that we may teach, not teach in order that we may be free from financial anxiety.

Then too if teaching is a vocation, the possession of wealth on the part of either man or woman should be no argument against teaching. You know that people so often object to Katharine Wilson's teaching on the ground that she, a woman of means, is filling a position that would otherwise be filled by a woman who needed the money. But who would ever object to a man being a university professor or a clergyman on the ground that he didn't need the salary? I maintain that anyone who would rather teach than do anything else is justified in doing it, whether he or she has money or not, and no one else is justified in doing it. The difficulty now is that men teach as stepping-stones to something else, and women teach because it is the most ladylike way of earning a living. Hence both the teaching and the

teachers suffer. But we will hope for better things sometime.

Ever yours,
CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 17th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I heard the other day a good story about two children. The boy asked the girl, "What do you think that we are here for?" The girl replied, "I think we are here to help other people." "Oh, no," said the boy, "that can't be the reason, for then what are other people here for?" It seemed to me that the child was wise beyond his years. For the older I grow the more I am sure that we were not necessarily put here to be useful or to help other people in the ordinary sense of the words.

I once overheard a conversation between Helen Wilson's children, Jean and Katharine. Jean asked, "Which do you love most, Aunt Maud or Aunt Belle?" Katharine replied, "Well, Aunt Maud does most for us." To which Jean answered rather scornfully, "Yes, but we don't love people because of what they do for us." So even children have doubts as to whether we were put here to be useful. And after all there are few of us who can pride ourselves upon being useful, in the sense that we are filling a place that really needs us. Those of us who are wage-earners, and are doing our work well, may sometimes think we are useful, but if we should resign, how many there would be who would want our places! And

a fair proportion of the numerous applicants would be just as capable as we are. So we are forced to conclude that while we need the work, need it for our own development, quite as much as for the money that it brings in, the work does not need us. Perhaps it is only in our families and to a few friends that we can really be useful, and to them we are useful generally not because of what we do, but because of what we are. To make ourselves beloved, that is after all the most useful thing that we can do, and yet in ordinary parlance that is not being useful at all.

I suppose that the Westminster Catechism gives as good an answer as has been given to the question, "What are we here for?" when it says, "Man's chief end is to glorify God." And we glorify God as we fulfil ourselves. God had an ideal in mind for each one of us when He made us; *Is this over* we glorify Him as we fulfil that ideal. "Lo, I *done or in* come to do Thy will, O God." *another sense*

The end of life then is not to be useful, but to develop one's self, to fulfil one's real self, to apprehend that for which one has been apprehended, to attain unto perfection according to the pattern ordained in Heaven for one's self. Usefulness expressing itself in direct helpfulness to one's fellows is but one way of attaining this self-development, it is perhaps the way by which the majority attain it. But some attain it in art, some in music, some in literature, others as they "only stand and wait." I suppose that there is *under-done*

a sense in which all who fulfil themselves do help others, but some help directly, others indirectly: the conscious object, perhaps better the irresistible instinct of some is and should be help, of others self-expression or perfect work; from the first class come the reformers and philanthropists, from the second the artists and scholars.

And yet while the aim of the artist and scholar is not and I think should not be usefulness, it cannot be denied that we are in the habit of estimating the ultimate value of his life by his usefulness,—that is his power to influence or to please. He should not work to influence or to please, yet we commonly count his life a success when he does influence or please, a failure when he does not. Art requires such concentration, that he who would be an artist must ordinarily to a very considerable extent cut himself off from the life about him. We feel that a man is justified in doing this, only when he has sufficient ability to give back to the world in the form of art at least as much as he takes from it in comradeship and every-day helpfulness. To most of us it seems as though the unsuccessful artist has missed his vocation. But how shall one know his vocation? Intense desire combined with ability should be sufficient to justify a man in thinking that he has a vocation, provided of course that the following his desire does not lead him to neglect obvious duties. But while one may know that he has the desire, how can he know that he has

the ability? "Genius," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other geniuses have said practically the same thing, "is nothing but the intense direction of the mind to some intellectual object, that consecration of all our powers to it, which leads us to disregard all toils and obstacles in the attainment of it, and if strong enough will ultimately bring success." Geniuses are likely to think that genius is only another name for hard work, because they know that they themselves have done hard work. But we who are not geniuses know that while hard work is necessary to develop genius, the genius must be there to develop. Sometimes it seems as though desire strong enough to lead to the consecration of all the powers to one object must be proof of ability. Could the desire be so strong without the ability? Yet experience teaches that sometimes it is.

I find Thomas Carlyle writing to Jane Welsh, "It is better to build a hut than to dream of a palace." I suppose so, if one only dreams of the palace. But is it better to succeed in building a hut than to fail in an honest effort to build a palace?

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man with a great thing to procure,
Dies ere he knows it,
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit,

This high man, aiming at a million
Misses an unit."

He missed an unit! Yet was his life lost? The
poet seems to think not, for the poem ends—

"Here, here's his place where meteors shoot, clouds
form,
Lightnings are loosed,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying
Leave him, still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

After all if we are here to fulfil ourselves, to
develop ourselves, is it not possible that this self-
development, this self-fulfilment, may sometimes
be attained as well through unsuccessful effort as
through successful effort? The end of life being
not achievement but development, he who puts
forth his best effort and then accepts either the
success or the failure that may be allotted to him
in the right spirit, he and he only has succeeded.
When we do attain that for which we strive we
know that it is not the attaining but the striving
that has brought happiness. The world's suc-
cessful men have always been able to sing

" 'Tis not the grapes of Eshcol that repay,
But the high faith that kept us all the way."

And when there are no grapes of Eshcol there

is still the high faith, and can we not still feel that that is what repays? And is it clear that he who has failed to achieve as an artist would have achieved more in any other line? And if not, how can we say that he has mistaken his vocation? Perhaps there are some whom it is the Divine will to train by making them failures in the eyes of the world, and they would have been failures in anything that they had chosen to do.

Of course if one has a firm faith in immortality, such lives are quite intelligible. The grammarian was here only that he might begin to be a scholar; in the life to come he could use the preparation that he had made here. What is Earth's failure may be Heaven's success.

"Was it not great? Did he not throw on God

(He loves the burthen)

God's task to make the heavenly period

Perfect the earthen?"

Thus our failure here may be indeed a "triumph's evidence for the fullness of the days."

And yet since it is hardly in human nature to be happy unless we can feel that we are useful, the necessity under which many artists labor, and which they so often regret, of having to do something else, generally teaching, for a time at least, is probably a good thing. For the artist who is doomed to failure as an artist can at least feel that by his teaching he has accomplished something. And if he who is destined ultimately to

succeed can fill in some of the long hours of uncertainty with teaching, the nervous strain is sometimes lessened to such an extent, that in his three or four hours' daily leisure he accomplishes more than he could if he had the whole day at his disposal. And while I believe that no one should teach who does not love to do so, I also believe that there are few painters, musicians or writers who do not love to teach while they are doing it. If they seem to regret the necessity it is not because they really dislike the teaching, but because they feel that it prevents them from doing their own work. But I am sure that many artists who must teach are happier, and even accomplish more with their art, than they would if they had their whole time at their disposal.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 20th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Some time ago two teachers of my acquaintance were discussing a third teacher who gives up her summer to painting. The one said, "Oh, these people who are all the time improving themselves discourage me." The other replied, "In my opinion vacations are times in which one should enjoy, not improve one's self." I remember once asking a college girl what she thought of a classmate of hers, a woman much older than the average undergraduate. The girl replied, "Oh, she learns her lessons, but when it comes to a woman of her age there is only one type that bothers me more than the woman who learns her lessons, and that is the woman who doesn't learn them." So I sometimes think that there is only one type of teacher who bothers me more than the mature teacher who improves herself, and that is the mature teacher who doesn't improve herself. For by the time that a teacher reaches our age she ought to work for the sake of enjoying herself, not consciously for the sake of improving herself.

There can of course be no doubt that vacations are given to us that they may help us to do our term's work better. First they are given to us that we may rest in order that we may work; second that we may broaden our horizons by find-

ing out what other men and women are doing, that thus we may multiply our interests, be women as well as teachers. Have you heard the story of the merchant upon whose tombstone was the inscription, "Born a Man, Died a Merchant"? I suppose that there are teachers upon whose tombstones it might be written, "Born a Woman, Died a Teacher." But I once heard it said of an unmarried woman, "She will never be an old maid, she likes it too well." So I think that no woman who really enjoys teaching, provided she has her vacations, is in danger of becoming teachery, she likes it too well; the enthusiastic teacher cannot become mechanical. But just as the mother needs vacations in order that she may not be a mother and nothing else, and therefore less a mother, so the teacher needs vacations in order that she too, having a time in which she is not a teacher, may become more of a teacher by becoming less teachery. For while it is conceivable that the merchant who is a merchant and nothing else, may thereby be a more successful merchant though a less successful man, she who is a teacher and nothing else is thereby not only a less successful woman, but also a less successful teacher.

While I like institutional life there is no denying that it is not quite natural, that living in such close association with so many people, our emotional lives are somewhat abnormal. On the one hand there is a tendency to be sentimental, on the other a tendency to be frigid. No one

who has not lived such a life can possibly realize how close in one sense it is possible to come to a great many people, while in another sense we are very far off from them. I find the people among whom I live almost invariably lovable, and yet with most of them it is of course impossible to come into relations of real fellowship, of personal friendship. Sometimes it seems as though most of us must be to each other simply "ships that pass in the night." We enter into each other's lives for a short time and then go out of them forever, and yet we don't go out of them, for we are always a little different because of the contact, each takes away memories of the kind of which life is made. While we are together we feel each others' joys and sorrows deeply, yet we cannot allow ourselves to feel them too deeply, else we become mere sentimentalists with no strength to live or to work. We repress ourselves because we must, and thus perhaps at times become a little frigid. There is even occasionally a tendency to be unsympathetic. For among so many people there is so much to call forth sympathy, that it is even physically impossible to allow it to go out on every occasion. So it is good sometimes to get into a family or a smaller community, where there is not the same reason for repressing passing emotional impulses. A colleague who perhaps represses herself more during term time than I do wrote me at the beginning of a vacation, "I am ready to embrace

the milkman. You see the institutional cold is wearing off."

Then the institutional life is a routine life. Now routine is a good thing, one accomplishes more by means of it, and is happier because of it. But if we have the same routine twelve months of the year, there is danger that instead of mastering the routine, the routine will master us, therefore it is well for three months to get out of it. I always find it a little difficult to utilize my time at the beginning of the summer vacation, I am so used to routine. I have heard that children brought up in institutions find it difficult to live in the outside world, and often beg to be taken back into the institution. I have a little of that experience at the beginning of a vacation; at school my time is apportioned out, this hour is devoted to this, this hour to that, nor do I have any option as to whether I will do a thing or not. In vacations there are many things that it is desirable to do, but very little that I absolutely have to do, I sometimes waste time and strength deciding whether I will do things at all or not. And when there are three or four things to do, but it makes no difference in what order I do them, I lose time in determining that, and by the time I have really learned how to utilize my time, the summer is half over.

But vacations should do more than rest us, and keep us from becoming abnormal. I think that most of us who really love our work do not

feel quite satisfied, unless we devote part of the summer to broadening and deepening our knowledge. When I was younger I occasionally attended a summer school, but even in those days I felt that it was not the courses and lectures which helped me so much, as the people that I met. And now I feel that I have outgrown the summer school, I know myself too well what I want to do to care for direction, so I carry on the course of study that I have planned for myself.

Travel too is all very well while one is young, but as I get older I find that I do not care so much for it. I do like to go abroad, but generally prefer to go to just one place in England or Germany, a place where I have friends, can settle down, take in the atmosphere, read, think and perhaps write a little. Often I think better in a foreign land than in my own, partly perhaps because there is more history and poetry about the Old World than the New, but partly because I am more completely released from practical duties.

Generally I have had a more definite plan for vacation work than I have this year, for I have thought it well this summer to have no definite course of reading, but to read purely for pleasure. I think that we all need to do that sometimes, to enjoy our books as we enjoy our family and our friends, not for what we get out of them, but just because we love them. I am enjoying

my family and my books together this summer, and in much the same way.

Term time is a time for giving out, vacation a time for taking in. That is roughly speaking, for term time too is a time for taking in. I am generally thrown into closer association with people with ideas in term time than I am in vacation, and so I take in a great deal but in a fragmentary way. So it is in vacation that I get started on real lines of thought, though often these lines have been suggested in term time, and must be perfected during the next term time.

The great difficulty in vacation is that I am away from my library. I try to bring such books with me as I am most likely to need, but I always find that I have brought a lot that I don't care for, while those that I want most are in my book-case at the school.

With love in which the family join me,

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 23d, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I have just come across this sentence in Carlyle, "Goethe is a great genius, and does not make you cry." Is it not true that the greatest geniuses do not make us cry? In reading aloud I cry over almost anything, but that is purely physical, the voice gets choked up. But in reading to myself I find that neither Shakespeare nor Goethe make me cry, and that I am much more likely to cry over minor writers than over Thackeray, Dickens or George Eliot. What is the reason that we do not cry over the greatest things? I suppose that sometimes we do not cry because we are overwhelmed by the bigness of the tragedy of life; we bear the burden of the truth so solemnly that we "leave behind such littleness as tears." We see how vast life is, we are overwhelmed by its vastness; we cannot cry over any one phase of it.

Then, too, I think that we are not so likely to cry over the greater writers because they present life exactly as it is in all its phases, and one phase relieves another. The smaller writers generally present just one aspect of life, one supreme situation, and we are overwhelmed by it; as we read we can think of nothing else. There is nothing in many a modern novel but what tends to

develop the tragedy that is the theme of the book. The tragedy of "Adam Bede" is just as intense, but we have one long chapter devoted to telling us how the Poyser family went to church, three chapters tell us of Arthur's birthday fête, one is given to the "Harvest Home." So we know how the people in the village actually lived, we live with them, our attention is not constantly concentrated upon the tragedy, any more than the attention of the village people was constantly concentrated upon it; while we read the book it fills about the same place in our minds that it would, had we known Hetty Sorrel in life.

In real life, when we contemplate sorrow beforehand, there is a sense in which it is perhaps not harder but more overwhelming than it is when it comes. And I think the reason is that when it comes the details of life go on, indeed sometimes press harder than ever, time and attention must be given to them, and thus the mind is to a certain extent at least taken off the tragedy, and it becomes bearable. Now the greatest writers because they present real life to us, relieve the tragedies by details, just as in real life tragedies are thus relieved.

When a person concentrates his attention entirely upon any one event, any one aspect of his life, we say that he is morbid. So when a book deals entirely and exclusively with one situation, especially if it be a painful one, we often condemn it as morbid. Nevertheless if we do not

let them fill too large a place in our reading, I believe that such books have their use. For while I think that there is a sense in which we understand the experiences of life better when we take them in their connections, there is another sense in which we understand them better and more fully when we study them separately. I once heard a woman say that she could in some ways study motherhood better in the cat than in the human mother, I suppose because the cat is for the time being nothing but a mother, while the human mother is so much else, has so many relations other than the maternal.

I think too that just as we often weep more over a book than over real life, so we often weep more over others' sorrows than we do over our own. This is partly because in contemplating another's sorrow, just as in reading the book, we do not get the everyday details of life which prevent us from concentrating our attention upon our own troubles, partly because we allow ourselves to weep when troubles come to others, while we do not allow ourselves to weep when they come to themselves, lest we should break down completely and be unable to lead our lives. Then when we are far enough from it there is a certain beauty about tragedy which has power to make us weep just as all beautiful things have; but when we are too close to it, we do not see the beauty for the sorrow.

Do you remember my telling you Helen Ward's

very tragical story? I told it to Alice Johnson, she was greatly impressed by it, went home and told her family; she afterwards told me that she could not get through it without weeping, and since it affected her, a stranger, to that extent, how was it that I, who was devoted to Helen, could tell the story without tears? But it was the beauty of the story that made Alice weep. I, who because of my love for Helen, had all but lived the story myself, was so impressed by the pity of it that I could see the beauty but dimly.

My family join me in sending love to you.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 25th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I see by today's paper that a firm manufacturing pianos has failed, and they attribute the failure to the fact that people are buying automobiles rather than pianos. Does this indicate that we are becoming barbarians, caring for nothing but physical excitement? To be sure there is much evil that seems to be justly laid to the door of the automobile, the fact that so many people buy them who can't afford them, the recklessness of human life, and now the fact that people prefer them to pianos! But on the other hand I think that there is evidence that the interest in things of the spirit is at least keeping pace with the interest in physical luxury. Witness the tremendous growth in our colleges. To be sure men and women do not always go to college from a pure love of learning; they go for athletics, for companionship and social prestige, to postpone for four years the active work of life, in fact for almost anything. Yet though perhaps a smaller proportion of the whole number of our college students are actuated by a love of learning than formerly, the actual number of those who go from such a motive is greater than ever before, and the standards (the students at least have to graze the edge of them), are higher than ever before.

Then, notwithstanding that it is alleged that automobiles have taken the place of pianos in the market, I am sure that there never has been a time in America in which there has been so much interest in music and art as at present. One of our magazines has just published an interview with a noted German musician, in which he says that America has advanced more musically in ten years than any European country in fifty years. And as for pictures, when I went to college, I perhaps knew thirty great pictures when I saw photographs of them, and I think I knew as many as did the average of my classmates. Now, largely through the Perry and Cosmos pictures, many children from the slums who attend our public schools know most of the truly great paintings. Of course we are still at the beginning of things, but the important question is not where we are, but in which direction are we going? And it seems to me that on the whole we are going forward. Yet I realize that the progress is often superficial, too superficial to be called progress at all. There is among our girls especially a tendency to wish to appear well, to be admired rather than to really know something and be something. American women probably get more admiration than do the women of any other race, and with this admiration comes the temptation to demand it, to develop the qualities that call it forth rather than the more substantial qualities. But on the other hand we find thousands of girls in easy circumstances longing to do

things that are worth while, and many of them are doing them. Most of these women, had they lived a generation ago, would never have thought of doing anything except stay at home and get married if possible, and had they failed to do the latter, would perhaps have become a burden to themselves and to every one else.

The fact is that when people of our age and older think that the world is getting worse they make two mistakes. The first is they forget how things were when they were young, it is so easy to fancy the past rose-colored. The second is they compare the very little world which they knew in their youth with the larger world that they know now, and compare average or even less than average people of to-day with those of a by-gone generation, who were quite as superior in their own generation as they would be in ours. But I am sure that no student of history can really believe that the world is growing worse.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 27th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

My brother Charles and his family have been spending a few days with us, and I am charmed with the children. One understands life better I think when with children than with grown people. For after all they have most of the passions of their elders, only with them there is no pretense, no concealment. The other day their mother and I were out for the afternoon; when we returned we found both children seated on their father's lap in tears. It seems that he had been reading Seton-Thompson's book "The Biography of a Grizzly" to them, and the sorrows of the poor beast had been too much for the tender-hearted babes. Next day, however, Marian brought the book to me, with the request that I read it to her again. I replied "Why, Marian, Father did read it to you, and it made you cry; you surely don't wish to hear it again." She answered, "Oh, I won't cry this time, because now I know the story. I cried before because the sad part took me by surprise. Now I know that it is coming, so I shall not cry, though of course I shall feel sad. But I enjoy feeling sad." I think that the four-year old child was voicing the feeling of almost all earnest young people who have had no sorrows of their own, the desire to experience all things.

If there is anything that we have not experienced in life, then we must experience it in books. After we have really had troubles and sorrows of our own, we do not care so much about sad books and sad plays; we have lived them.

The other day in reading the life of Professor P—— I came across this sentence in one of his letters, "After all, life would be a poor thin thing without sorrow." Did not the child who wanted to hear the sad story have something like this dimly in her mind, the feeling that life is not complete without sorrow? For however much we may dread the sad experiences of life, we none of us wish to miss the blessing promised to those who mourn. For it is only after we have suffered a while that we can be "made perfect, stablished, strengthened, settled."

I think that you met my friend Mrs. Richards when you were here. She has a nine-year-old daughter, Alice. A short time ago a little friend of hers lost her father. Alice wrote her a letter of condolence (?), in which she said "I do not see how you can ever be happy again. If my father should die I would take poison, but in a few days I suppose you will be getting hitches on sleighs the same as usual, but you will never really be happy again!" Yes, that is what happens when sorrows come to us, life often goes on very much as before, we "get hitches on sleighs the same as usual." In the child's sense we are never quite happy again, but some of us know that there is a

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sense in which we are often more deeply happy than ever before.

There is, however, a distinction between sorrow and trouble. It is comparatively easy to make sorrow a means of sanctification, it is more difficult to make trouble serve this purpose. For sorrow, especially the sorrow that comes with the death of dear ones, enriches because it opens the gate of new life to us, it seems as though our beloved ones pass out of our earthly life, in order that we may enter in some measure into their heavenly life, and so with the great sorrow comes a great joy. And then sorrow brings out human sympathy in a way in which trouble does not. Most of us do not wish people to sympathize with us in our troubles, failures in our work, business perplexities, poor health, unrequited love, uncongenial surroundings, wrong doing of those near to us, for sympathy only makes these things harder to bear; we often do not wish even our nearest and dearest to speak of them, sometimes we do not even want them to know them. But in times of sorrow everyone may express sympathy, for while it is true that even at such times many of us prefer to be alone in the body, we all rejoice to know that in our afflictions our friends are afflicted, that in spirit they are with us.

Then in the presence of sorrow all the little annoyances of life dwindle into nothing, in the presence of trouble they are greatly magnified. Last summer Josephine Anderson spent some time in a

boarding house with the Grays. You remember Will Gray, that very idealistic man who somehow managed to marry a commonplace worldly woman. Josephine reported that she had always thought Mr. Gray a very nice man, until she discovered what a fuss he made when his coffee was not right. But it was not bad coffee that was distressing him, it was his marriage. When a man's whole life has gone wrong in ways of which he may not speak, he is likely to take out his dissatisfaction in complaining of the little things of which he may speak.

No, trouble does not enrich life as sorrow does, for its function is not to enrich but to strengthen. It strengthens because we have to be strong and wise to surmount it. And there is a joy and exhilaration that comes from trouble bravely borne, different indeed from the peace that comes after sorrow, but perhaps as worth while. "Blessed are they that mourn," and "Blessed is he also that endureth temptation," that is trial. Who shall say which blessing is the higher? I am especially struck with the fact that it is Professor P—— who says, "After all, life would be a poor thin thing without sorrow," for Professor P——had no belief in the after life. How then did sorrow help him? I suppose that for him it became trouble, and helped just as trouble does, by developing the strength and wisdom necessary to bear it. Even for him sorrow must have been a gentler thing than trouble, because

there is always a softening love connected with it.

But if sorrow is going to teach us anything, I believe that we must take time to learn its lesson. I once knew a woman who seemed full of affectations. When I said so to another woman who knew her better, this woman answered, "Yes, but I think that I can explain it. She was passionately devoted to her husband, whom she married after a seven-year engagement, circumstances having prevented an earlier marriage. Before they had been married a year he died. Then she came here determined to act and live as though nothing had happened. The result was that she became in some ways bitter, affected and insincere." I believe that grief must have its way for a time, if we are to learn the lessons that it is sent to teach. We must be allowed a season in which we may "go apart into a desert place and rest awhile," a season in which we give ourselves up to saying, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." It is well, I think, that work should go on again as soon as possible, but that we should avoid mere acquaintances, the frivolities of life which are never quite sincere, but which at such times seem less sincere than usual, in order that we may be real, in order that we may be true.

With love,
CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, July 30th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I had a letter this morning from Linda Noyes, enclosing a blank, which she asks me to fill out with various statistics with reference to college women, she having undertaken to supply the "Woman At Home" with detailed information as to the effect of college education upon women. As I am not in the statistic-collecting business, and take very little interest in them, I cannot fill out her blank. But I am interested in two questions that she asks. First, Is too much expected of the colleges? Second, Is it true, that when college women go back to their homes, they fail to adapt themselves to the lives they must live there? I have written to her answering these questions briefly, but as I am a good deal excited on the subject, I shall quiet myself by writing my ideas to you more fully than I have written them to her.

Certainly I think that too much is expected of the colleges! Every defect of a college girl is attributed to her college course, although only four years of her life are spent in college. When she breaks down, or has bad manners, or fails in judgment or in practical ability, people are always ready to say "It is because she went to college." Now college does not pretend to do everything

for either man or woman, and I am sure that the proportion of non-college women who are lacking in health, manners or common sense is greater than that of college women. Yet even the college woman herself occasionally attributes her deficiencies to her college training. I know a woman who went to college at eighteen, was graduated at twenty-two, lived at home until she was thirty, when she married. During the first years of her married life, she found it very difficult to care for her home and the two children who came to her. She set herself bravely to work to conquer her difficulties, and did conquer them, but she always attributed the deficiencies of those early years to a lack in her college training. Query: Was there no lack in herself or in her home training during the first eighteen years of her life, and again in the eight years between graduation and marriage? And have not women who never saw the inside of a college found difficulties similar to hers? And how large a proportion of these women have been able finally to conquer them as well as she has conquered them?

I confess that sometimes the criticisms of the college for women remind me of a story, which an elderly clergyman once told me. He was in a company of clergymen who were discussing the faults and shortcomings of the theological seminary. Every failure on the part of the clergy, collective or individual, was laid to the door of the training-school. When my friend was called upon

for his opinion he simply remarked lazily that he had always admired the writings of Shakespeare, that he had often thought that he would like to write such plays, but he had never found within himself the power to do so. To-day's discussion had shown him the reason for his inability, he had not been properly trained in the theological seminary.

Now as to the failure of the college girl on her return to her home to adapt herself to the family life. Is it possible for any man or woman to adapt himself or herself to a life, in which he or she has no definite place and no definite work, and is it intended that any one should try? I have been rereading "Shirley" lately. Listen to Caroline Helstone on this subject. "I believe single women should have more to do, better chances of interesting and profitable occupation than they possess now.—Yet it seems that old maids should not ask for a place and an occupation in the world, it disturbs parents. Look at the numerous families of girls in this neighborhood. The brothers of these girls are every one of them in business or in professions, they have something to do; their sisters have no earthly employment but housework and sewing; no earthly pleasure but an unprofitable visiting, and no hope in all their life to come of anything better. This stagnant state of things makes them decline in health, they are never well, and their minds and views shrink to wondrous narrowness. The great aim, the

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sole wish of every one of them is to be married, but the majority of them will never marry, they will die as they now live."

Preachers are constantly telling young people that they must have a purpose in life, but what purpose can the girl have who stays at home with nothing in particular to do, who is not allowed to take her life into her own hands, carry out her purpose if she has one, develop herself? I sometimes call the attention of my girls to the words, "The chaff will He burn up with unquenchable fire." I tell them that it is not the poisonous weeds that will be burned, not the actually harmful, but simply the useless chaff, that to be good one must be good for something, that to be good for nothing is to be bad, often worse than being bad. But when girls whose parents are determined that they should be simply daughters at home, turn to me and ask, "Tell us how to be good for something, what shall we do?" I am often at a loss for anything to answer. I tell the girls sometimes that the chief fault of the American woman, who does not have to earn her living, is that she simply drifts. But after all what is there to do but drift? The only wonder is that she does not become actually bad. I suppose that the explanation for that is in the hold that conventionality has upon her, the fearful punishment that society deals to women who do not come up to its standards. As much as twenty years ago my brother said to me, "I really do not see why

girls do not go altogether to the bad. For most of them have nothing to do except to make themselves agreeable, in the hope that someone will marry them. Under similar circumstances, there is scarcely a man who would not go headlong to the bad."

My experience is that the college woman is satisfied to live in her parents' home when she is clearly needed, or when, her finances being in a satisfactory condition, she lives in a community where she can find work, which will give her proper self-expression. I know a college girl, whose duty it seemed to be, for a number of years, to live with an unmarried brother on a far-off Western ranch. Her friends said, "How do you, a college girl, stand it?" She replied, "How could a non-college girl stand it? I have so much to think about, it is easy for me." So I believe that the college girl is happy at home, or anywhere where she feels that she is filling a place. But when the family does not need her, and she can find no work in the community for which she is fitted, she does not wish to live at home, and should not try to do so, she should find a place that she can fill.

But here again the critics of college education for women make the mistake of supposing, that the restlessness of the grown daughter, in a home in which she finds no outlet for her faculties, is confined to college women. The truth is college has nothing to do with it, such restlessness is just as characteristic of the non-college woman as of

the college woman, the difference being that the college woman, that is the trained woman, whether she got her training in college, school of philanthropy, school of art, or any other place, has it more in her power to make her own life, either in the home community, or away from it, as may seem best. That is, the trained woman generally finds a way out of her restlessness in time, the untrained woman not so frequently.

Living constantly among girls I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing, I will certainly not except disease, I will scarcely except guilt, that causes so much suffering as the want of a worthy outlet for the active faculties. Fathers and mothers, who in their professional and business duties or the care of a family, have this outlet, do not appreciate how greatly their daughters suffer when they are denied it. Last week I had calls from two unmarried women, not college girls. One of them said, "We have enough to live upon, but not much more. There is very little work for me to do at home, and we live in a small place where there is not even society to take up my time. I have some intellectual ability, some musical ability. If either were trained I could earn my living, and more important than that, feel that I was not wasting my life. But my parents object to my leaving home. If parents only knew what they are doing when they refuse their daughters a chance to live, a chance to be themselves! I am sure that, if all the girls who suffer as I suffer

would talk to you as freely as I have talked to you, you would think that there was nothing else to write about." The other had had two years of society. She now wishes to go to Germany to cultivate her musical talent, which is considerable. Her family object on the ground that she is not strong enough. She said, "They never seem to take into consideration that society takes more strength than any amount of studying music would take, but what is really taking my strength now, reducing me almost to a state of nervous prostration, is not even society; it is the feeling that I amount to nothing. With the strength that I am now putting into society I could do the music, and no strength would go to worrying over the fact that I am wasting my life."

The more I think of it, Beatrice, the more do I feel that you and I should be thankful that we had wise parents, who realized that we had an equal right with our brothers to fulfil ourselves. Think of the middle-aged unmarried women whom we know, whose nerves have been so shattered, and whose lives have been so embittered, that they make themselves and everyone about them unhappy, and all because they have not been allowed to make for themselves a place in the world, because they have been denied the right to healthful, happy work; that is because they have been denied the right to live.

The problem would not be so serious if it included only the women of the richer classes. I

have been much worked up by the chapters on "Parasitism" in Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor," a soul-stirring, and I believe an epoch-making book. A friend whom I asked to read it surprised me by saying, that she thought that parasitism was threatening only the women of the millionaire class, and that class was too small to make much difference, only a drop in the bucket. But the truth is the problem is not that of the millionaire class. It is perfectly possible for the daughter of the millionaire, especially if she has proper training, to live at home, and escape both parasitism and dullness. For wealth gives her the pleasures that mean both recreation and cultivation, and she can use her means in such a way as will employ her working time, and make her feel that she is useful. Indeed I can imagine no happier or more useful class than the women of wealth, who use their wealth, not as a means of escaping work, but of choosing their work. A leisure class is needed in every country, we have as yet no leisure class of men, all the more reason for having a leisure class of women. If only such women would occupy themselves in promoting justice and mercy, or in creating beauty, not in a dilettante way, but earnestly and systematically, as many of them do, giving themselves whatever preparation is necessary, both their influence for good and their own peace and happiness may be great.

But the real problem is that of the daughter,

whose father can just afford to keep her at home in physical comfort, and who is therefore unwilling that she should go out and earn a living. This girl, especially if she happens to live in a stupid little country town, as Caroline Helstone did, I mean among well-intentioned, kindly but mediocre people, with no aspirations beyond the daily round of life, feels that both work and pleasure are denied her, for she can find no work that she considers profitable, and she can afford very little pleasure. It is all very well to say that she should adapt herself to the people in the town, that if she is their superior she should do something for them, but this is not always possible, especially while she is young. They are often in that most hopeless of all conditions, self-satisfied mediocrity, they feel no need of anything that she has to give, they do not recognize her immature superiority, and probably it would not be good for her if they did. So she not only finds no work or pleasure, she often finds no companionship, that is she is deprived of the three things that go to make up life—work, play and comradeship. If she could go out and earn a living, she would perhaps find all three things which her nature craves, for she would probably make enough to provide herself, not only with the necessities of life, but with some of its minor pleasures, while her chief pleasure, if she has had the wisdom and the opportunity to choose her work aright, would be the work itself. And both work and

play would bring her into contact with more congenial people than those with whom she now associates; she would find real friendship, perhaps even love, and thus her life would find its fulfillment. And in times of disappointment or bereavement there would be no giving herself up to prolonged despair, for work would be her life-preserver.

But, it may be asked, would not the home suffer if the daughter, as soon as she is grown, goes out to seek a career? It must be borne in mind first that the daughter who is really needed at home would not go out to seek a career, she would be satisfied in feeling that she is filling a place that really needs her; in the second place that many daughters could both earn a living, and satisfy their ideal of usefulness while continuing to live at home, and thirdly that in cultured families the daughter would not go out to earn a living until she is of marriageable age. Does the ideal of the home suffer because the daughter leaves her parents' home to marry the man whom she loves? Why should it suffer because, at the same age or a little older, she leaves her parents' home to do the work that she loves? And are parents' lives more enriched by the daughter who stays at home and frets, perhaps has nervous prostration, thus not only being no comfort but even a source of anxiety to them, or by the daughter who goes away, is happy and useful in such a way that they can be proud of her, writes them

long happy letters, giving them facts and ideas that enlarge their horizon, and occasionally comes home full of interesting things to tell them?

It is true that parents, who are enlivened by the visits of such a daughter, sometimes say that life would be more worth while for them, less humdrum, if she could stay at home all the time. But they forget that, in that case she too would become humdrum, she would have less to think about than she has now, and she would probably share such thoughts as she did have less with them than she does now. For have we not all noticed the reticence with each other, that is found in families who have always lived together? They talk over the every-day of life freely, but each fears to reveal his inmost self to the others, partly perhaps because each feels that the others have preconceived ideas of him, which are quite different from his real self, and he knows that, if he did try to reveal himself, this preconceived idea would stand in the way of an understanding.

Then too the children who have always lived in the parents' home, even although they may be middle-aged people, are often so dominated by the parents' ideals, that unless they can get away from them for a time, it is impossible for them to find themselves, that is they have no individual selves to reveal, they have not grown up. I heard a mother say a short time ago, "I do not wish my married sons or daughters to live with me, because when they are old enough to be married,

they are old enough to want their own way, and if they don't want it, they should." Does not this apply to the unmarried daughter as well, and should not she as well as her married sister be given a chance to grow up? Living at home, and helping to keep house "mother's way," does not generally aid her to become a mature woman, while if she insists upon her own way, she often makes herself disagreeable, and makes her mother feel a stranger in her own home.

And occasionally there are differences upon more serious subjects than housekeeping for which neither is to blame, and in which each should be allowed her own way. I have a friend, who has passed her thirtieth birthday, whose mother refuses to allow her to entertain a certain woman friend in her home, because she disapproves of her. Now in a case like this (I hope such cases do not often occur), it is not ideal that either mother or daughter should have to yield. If the mother must receive people whom she dislikes, or of whom she disapproves, the home cannot be home to her. If on the other hand, the daughter cannot entertain her friends, the home cannot be home to her. It may be said that there are sometimes similar disagreements between husband and wife, that one or the other must yield, or they must agree upon a compromise, that all living together involves mutual sacrifices, and these sacrifices not only do not hinder, but promote development. Yes, but in the case of husband and wife, the home belongs

to the one as much as to the other, each regards or should regard the other as a full grown person, and the compromises that are made are between equals. In the case of mother and daughter the home belongs, and should belong more to the mother than to the daughter, the latter though she may be fifty, yields as a matter of obedience, and if she does not yield her attitude seems that of defiance. Yet there can be no proper development to a person who must always obey, she never really grows up.

So I rejoice to see unmarried women starting out on their own careers. On the other hand let it be understood that I have no quarrel with the girl who can be a daughter at home, and really be loving and happy. For I am more and more convinced that the end of life is not to be useful but to be happy and loving. Usefulness is only a means towards that end, and if the end can sometimes be reached without the usual means, why object to it? But such cases are rare, and I think God meant them to be so.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 2nd, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I suppose that every one of us has times when her regular work seems unprofitable, when she wants to do something different from that which she has been in the habit of doing. We are none of us particularly proud of doing our ordinary work well, that is a matter of course, but when we do an unusual thing, even though we do not do it very well, we are greatly elated. My grandfather, who has taken full courses in both law and theology, was not proud of his knowledge of either, but when it came to his knowledge of medicine, of which he knew no more than any intelligent person can easily pick up, he was extremely conceited. Eleanor says that when she makes a shirtwaist she has a sense of achievement,—it is something done, no one can dispute it, while when she teaches, she cannot be sure whether she is accomplishing anything or not. On the other hand, when I repeated a witty saying to our cook, she remarked, "Now it is worth while to be able to say a thing like that. When you get a meal you must get it over again, but when you say a thing like that, it is something did."

By the way, the thought embodied in this same witty saying was good but commonplace. It was the bright way of putting it that attracted Brid-

get's attention. And that leads me to think of the relative importance of thought and the expression of thought. I am not a very observant person, and in reading I do not often consciously notice how a thing is said, so although I spend much of my time reading, when people talk about whether books are well or ill written, I am frequently at sea upon the subject. I feel that I am not entitled to an opinion. For I care for books for what is in them, the facts, the thoughts, the emotions,—I put the three in inverse order of importance to me.

I have always objected to essayists who write a great deal about the art of writing, to poets who like Mrs. Browning write a great deal about poets and poetry. And yet nothing pleases me better than when musicians write about music, even the technique of it, or when painters write about painting. But when a literary man writes about the art of writing, I always feel that it is a little out of place, unless it be in a book devoted entirely to that subject, or in his autobiography, where it is of course very delightful. Is this feeling of mine unreasonable? Why should not the man of letters be just as free as any other artist to write about the technique of his art? Well, I think that Rossetti gave one reason when he wrote, "‘Solemn poetry’ belongs to the class of phrases absolutely forbidden I think *in poetry*. It is intellectually incestuous, poetry seeking to beget its emotional offspring on its own identity."

Another objection to the author's writing too much about the technique of expression is that dwelling upon the manner often tends to subordinate the matter, to make us forget that expression is nothing for its own sake, but only as it brings out the thought, it is the thought that is the thing. I once saw a story of a great poet, I know not whether it was true or not, to the effect that an advance copy of a new book that he was bringing out was brought to him, while he was at a dinner party. As he turned over the pages, he astonished his friends, who had always regarded him as an extremely modest man, by saying, "I believe that I have the best diction of any man living. But then," he added sadly, the addition proving his real modesty, "I have nothing to say."

And yet striking passages do fix themselves upon my mind, and I suppose it is not so much because of the idea expressed, for that is frequently not new to me, but because of the way in which it is put. Hence I should say that the literary man should spare no pains to express his thought as well as possible, not however for the sake of expression, but in order that the thought itself may attract the attention of as large a number as possible. I suppose that one should pay attention to one's literary style, just as one should pay attention to one's dress. In dress a woman should not seek to ornament her person, but simply to make the most of it, not to call attention

to her dress but to make herself look well, to bring out what is pleasing in herself, and as what was once considered vanity is now considered merely a duty, more attention can be paid to personal appearance than of old, but without foolishness or frivolity. And just as a woman should seek to dress in such a way that people will think not how well her gown looks, but how well she looks, so the writer should seek to express himself in such a way that people will not say, "How well that thought is expressed!" but "What a wonderful thought!" Thus no pains should be spared to find the expression that will really bring out the thought. That expression will sometimes be ornate, just as some women should be fancifully gowned, but as the object of the gown should be to bring out the woman, so the object of the expression should be to bring out the thought. And when one really thinks and feels a thing deeply, truly and clearly, I believe that in the main the expression comes to him, comes to him so clearly that it can hardly be thought of as expression; it is rather that the thought itself takes shape, takes the shape that it almost seems that it must take, irrespective of the thinker, though of course it may sometimes be polished indefinitely. Creation is of God; poets, artists and literary men must all say, "Not unto us, not unto us." But we may sometimes help the Creator to develop his creations; the glorious privilege is sometimes granted us of being co-workers with God.

He is the greatest artist who makes us see things as they are, as they really are, the beautiful as beautiful, the ugly as ugly, but all as interesting, sometimes as beautiful and ugly at the same time. Of all English poets Browning appeals most strongly to me; there are few of his roughnesses, his so-called obscurities that I would change; they fit the subject-matter, and when the subject-matter is not beautiful, beautiful poetry would not properly represent it. Perhaps they are the greatest artists who can make us see the power, the real beauty under what is superficially ugly, men like Rembrandt and Hals who paint the mortal bodies chiefly as revealers of the immortal spirits, and thus make us feel that they who have been dead these hundred years yet speak.

And yet some of the most beautiful books are books in which the thoughts do not stand out; they are chiefly atmosphere; they produce not thought, but a blissful state of revery. But do not these too have their mission? I remember once talking to an Englishman who, although a Balliol man, was so impregnated with German thought, as to have a very poor opinion of Jowett. "But," I asked, "did he not create a delightful atmosphere?" "Atmosphere!" was the scornful reply; "yes, enough atmosphere to stifle you!" I once heard it said of a certain teacher that her influence was demoralizing, because she aroused the enthusiasm of the girls, without giving them proper contents for that enthusiasm,

made them enthusiasts they knew not what about. I understand the criticism, yet I sympathize with the little girl who said that while she didn't understand what a certain poem meant, she understood how it made her feel, and that was the main thing.

Is atmosphere stifling? Is enthusiasm without definite contents demoralizing? Is it not good sometimes to lose one's self in beauty without analyzing its contents? I am not quick to see the details which go to make up a beautiful landscape, but often when I do not know what I am gazing at, it enters into me, I do not know, but I feel. I always work better when I am in a beautiful country. So there are some books, some poems, some sermons, of which I can give no account, yet they have entered into me, I live and work better because I have read or heard them.

But while revery is profitable for a time, it must give way to thought, and thought must give way to action, perhaps in order that we may earn the right to indulge in more revery. A life devoted entirely to revery would be bad, but I am not sure that a life devoted entirely to action would be much better. A period in which we have not done anything, have not consciously thought anything, just kept ourselves open to the influence of beauty, is often the most fruitful of all periods. The soul grows, even if the mind doesn't, and after awhile the soul stimulates the mind. Was this the reason that the Master said: "Come

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ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile"? Was it not the reason that He Himself was in the habit of spending the night upon the mountain in prayer? Did He think at those times or did He just feel the presence of God?

So the mission of some books is to arouse us to action, of others to provide calm and refreshment after action is over, or to beget in us day dreams which, even although as incoherent and confused as night dreams, furnish a background for further action. These latter books really do help us to act if they only furnish refreshment and recreation, for they refresh and recreate us in order that we may act. Day dreams too are well; visions are well ("without vision the people perish") if in waking moments we can do something toward realizing these visions. Only let us not continue long in the spirit of Peter when he said, "Lord, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias!" What would have happened if his idea had been carried out? The world would have lost its Redeemer!

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 4th, 1912.

Dear, you write "I have known what it is to be both rich and poor in love, and now I have learned that nothing matters much so long as we keep the consciousness of God's love." I understand the sense in which you mean this, and in that sense I believe that what you say is true, but in another sense it matters immensely. I believe that it is absolutely necessary for our development, that we should love, at least once in life, to the fullest extent of our capacity,—all that we are able. I do not think that it is essential for development that this love should be between persons of different sexes, but there should be somewhere in the life a strong, even passionate love. I do believe it to be necessary that this love should go out to someone not in the family, for it is new love that is epoch-making; we must begin to love.

But it does not seem to me to be so essential that we should receive love in return; if we do, both the love which we give and the love which we get are developing, but if we do not, I believe that God can make the failure to obtain love equally developing, though in another way, and we must then be sure that this is the kind of development that He intends for us. Sophia Anderson, who has known so many women, said the other day

that she knew of no experience so narrowing and embittering to a woman as to be disappointed in love, unless indeed it were possible for her to love again and happily. To love a bad man she thought might be broadening, identify one more with human experience, but she felt that unrequited love could only be narrowing, shut the woman up to herself. But it seems to me that unrequited love may be just as broadening, though in a different way, as requited love. In the first place one should put away all idea that there is any disgrace in it, or that one has failed to obtain love because one is not worthy of it. Worthiness has very little to do with love; it goes like the wind where it listeth. And then I think one should throw one's self with all one's might and main into work, make the life worthy of love, even when one cannot have love, worthy not only of the love that one has failed to receive, but of the love that has been given one to give. For whether love is returned or not, forever we should thank God that He has given us the power to love.

Do not misunderstand me, dear. I am sure that I do not fail to give due honor to the wife and mother. And yet as I think over my acquaintances, the loveliest women of all that I have known have been the unmarried women. Is it perhaps because, failing of the perfect earthly love, it has been given to them to prove most fully the truth of St. Augustine's words, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth until

it finds rest in Thee"? I remember that Cardinal Newman prays, "Visit me not, O my loving Lord, —if it be not wrong so to pray,—visit me not with those trying visitations which saints alone can bear." Is it not the fact that they have been able to bear these visitations that has made them saints? And certainly one of the hardest of all visitations to bear is to love in vain! I believe that the only way in which it is possible to bear it is to find refuge in the Divine love.

Then, too, having less life of her own to live, the unmarried woman is freer to throw herself into the life of God, and of the world which He loves. It has often been said that while Protestantism may produce higher averages than does Catholicism, Catholicism produces more saints. Does not the celibacy of priest and nun partly account for this? And it was St. Paul who wrote, "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, that she may please her husband."

It is strange the way in which we cannot love when we would, when we know that the being able to love would add so much not only to the happiness of the one loved, but even to our own happiness. Olive Thorndyke came home from Europe two years ago with such a sweet, sad story. She was on her way to Oberammergau, she and a French lady alone in a railway compartment,

she, very tired, munching on sweet chocolate. They stopped at a station, the French lady got out and soon returned with some fruit which she offered to Olive, who at first declined it, but it then became evident that the lady was much disappointed, that she had bought the fruit for the sole purpose of offering it to her, as a means of getting into conversation. So an acquaintance began. Madame K—— inquired if Olive were going to Oberammergau, said she knew of a good place in which to stay, and it was planned that they stay together. On Madame K——'s part it seemed to be a case of love at first sight. One day she told Olive her story. "I have," she said in her pretty foreign way, "much of what you call infelicity in my life. It is this way. I love my husband, oh, so much, so very much! You see my husband when he was young he love a beautiful girl; he love her very much. But he was officer in the army; he had very little money; she also was poor; they had not together the money to live on as they should, so he could not marry her; it was impossible. Then after some time his family think it well that he marry me; I have the money and I love him so! I know that he cannot now love me, but I think that he will in time, and my love is perhaps enough for two! But no, he cannot love me! it is many years now, and he cannot! He would if he could! But," Olive was toying with a flower, "you see how it is! If I ask you to give me that one flower, you can give

it to me, for you have it! But if I ask you now to give me a whole armful of flowers (rounding her arms, as though holding them), you cannot; you have them not at this present. So my husband, he would give me all the love that I want, but he cannot; he has it not at this present! I travel to Rome, I see the Pope, I ask him if I may go into what do you call it—a monastery—because there is so great infelicity? But the Pope, he say that if I am once married, then am I always married! My poor husband!" Who knows? Perhaps he suffered as much as she did. Why cannot we love when we would? Love is of God; it is His gift to us; He does not always grant it to us, either to give or to receive.

YOUR CONSTANCE.

P. S. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." That explains the surpassing loveliness of some women who have loved in vain. They have overcome that which is hardest of all to overcome, and so they have become pillars in God's temple. "And I will write upon him the name of the city of my God." That name was Jerusalem—habitation of Peace—it is written all over such women. "And I will write upon him my new name." That new name is Love, and she upon whom it is written must be lovely.

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SOLITUDE, August 5th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

It seems to me that one of the saddest things about love is that it is not possible to win it by deserving it. Some time ago a teacher whom I knew asked the girls in her class to write papers, stating what they thought the American girl most wanted. Some said a home, some satisfying work, some pleasure, but some said a friend! And what seems a pity is that it is the girl who most intensely wants a friend who cannot always find one. For one can earn respect, one can perhaps earn general friendliness, but not real friendship; love cannot be earned. It seems unfair, and yet not more so than most of God's dealings with man. For if the power to attract love is a gift, beauty is also a gift, so is intellectual or artistic ability, so is a good heredity. So this is just one more of God's inscrutable ways, and we must trust that there is a wise, loving Father back of it.

I resent, too, the fact that love, not only the love between the sexes, but all love outside the family affections, seems so dependent upon the physical. Having once loved, we should of course continue to love, even if the object of our affections were stricken with a loathsome disease. But how many of us would begin to love one who

had a serious skin disease, or even was decidedly deaf? To gain love one must generally be physically attractive, not perhaps beautiful, but at least attractive; must be able in some way to give physical expression to whatever intellectual or spiritual graces one may possess. To be sure it is true that most people, even the physically ugly, do somehow have the power of making the spiritual shine through the material, and yet there are some who do not, and it is not always because there is no spiritual to shine.

Of course it is quite easy to see why love between the sexes should so often be conditioned upon an attractive physique; it is given to us for the perpetuation of the race, and it is desirable that it should be a good physical type that is perpetuated. Adèle Denison called on me the other day and stormed because two blind people of her acquaintance had married; she said that there should be a law against such things. It might be ideally beautiful to think of two beautiful spirits with seriously deformed bodies, each piercing through the other's body to the spirit, and thus loving each other, but not if it meant that other deformed people were to be the fruit of that love. Such persons must keep their love as a purely spiritual thing. But in reading "The Mill on the Floss" I was so sorry for Philip Wakem, Philip who in all respects except the physical was so much Stephen's superior!

And not only the power to attract love, but

even the power to love supremely seems to be a gift, quite as much a gift as art or music or poetry. Perhaps people should not be considered as deficient when they cannot love supremely, or attract supreme love, any more than when they cannot paint, sing, play or write supremely. Most people can at least feel and attract gentle commonplace affection, and life can be made fairly happy even when it does consist mainly of commonplace duties and commonplace pleasures.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 7th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

You ask what I make of the story of the man who asked Jesus to speak to his brother that he divide the inheritance with him. Is Jesus' teaching that Christians should submit to injustice; that He has nothing to do with earthly things, with the relations between man and man? Or did He know that the man's claim was unjust? Was that the reason that He dismissed him so sharply? I am inclined to think that the claim was just, that if the brother had come to Jesus, He would have told him that he must divide the inheritance. But what Jesus objected to in the man was that he saw in Him only a means of getting material advantage, that he had no appreciation of the spiritual blessings that come from Him. He came to Him, not to get spiritual things but to get material things, and even the fact that he had a right to these material things did not particularly help the matter. He was on a level with the man or woman to-day who goes to church in order to get social recognition or business success; the thing desired is not in itself a bad thing; the only evil is that it should be the reason for going to church. Honesty is generally the best policy, but we should not be honest because it is the best policy. If we seek

the kingdom of God and His righteousness the earthly things that we desire are frequently added unto us, but that should not be the reason for seeking the kingdom of God, and indeed if we seek in that spirit we may find the earthly things, but we will not find the kingdom.

Of course it is true that just as soon as men begin to think more about right relations between man and God, they also begin to think more about right relations between man and man, for the former can find very little expression except in terms of the latter. The difficulty is that we are likely to think more about our fellow-man's duty to us, than about our duty to him.

Does Jesus mean that we are always to submit to injustice? to turn the other cheek? I remember once reading an account which a district nurse in London gave of her work. She said she found that it was always the affectionate wife who was beaten, the wife who would forgive everything. The husbands of such women, even when drunk, knew enough not to beat their grown daughters, for the daughter would not forgive; it was the wife who would forgive who was beaten. Even a little resistance on her part was sufficient to escape the beating. She told of one man who said, "No, I don't never strike my woman; you see she'd strike back, and though I could easily get the better of her, I don't want no scrap like that." So she said that it was her plan to say to these women, "Never take a blow from your husband

without making him suffer for it. Make his home just as pleasant and comfortable for him as you can, but if he strikes you, make him suffer."

How does this agree with Christ's command, "If he smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also"? Well, I think that the whole sermon on the mount deals with the inner spirit rather than with the outward action. Those words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," might almost be regarded as the text of the sermon. One's spirit should be that of turning the other cheek; one should not act in revenge or hatred, but there are times when even for the sake of the other, one should not submit to injustice.

There are also times when even anger seems justifiable, for there is such a thing as righteous indignation. Jesus "looked round about Him in anger," and it is always a matter of pleasure to me that when He sent a message to Herod, He said "Go and tell that fox"! I have sometimes thought, too, that the teacher is more influential who reproves her pupils, when they deserve it, in anger, anger self-controlled, but real. I suppose that the reason that anger is effectual is because it indicates that we really care. If I had a daughter who offended, I would be more angry with her than I would be with a pupil, because I would care more. Jesus was angry be-

cause He cared, cared for righteousness and cared for man. So back of our anger there must be love for righteousness, and if possible, love for the person who has sinned against that righteousness. Under the anger there must be love, even if we can't feel the love at the moment.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 9th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Have you read the love-letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh? We have been reading them together. I am not sure whether it was right to publish the Browning love-letters or not, but I can see no objection at all to publishing these letters. To my mind the reason for not publishing most love-letters is, not that they are too sacred, but that they are not well-written. Browning himself gave the world "One Word More," the most beautiful and sacred of all his love-letters. Nothing is too sacred to publish which is perfectly genuine and well-expressed. When love-letters are self-conscious, and therefore not perfectly genuine, they certainly should not be published, for affectations of love like affectations of piety are profane. And we are so constituted, that crude expressions of love are likely to call forth a smile in all save the lovers who indulge in them, they being too much absorbed in their passion to criticise its expression. Therefore if love-letters are to be published, they must be well-written; so sacred a thing as love should not be given to the world to smile at.

But for the most part the Carlyle letters are hardly love-letters; they are friendly letters which two intellectual persons, intimate friends

of the same sex, might have written to each other. I have somewhere seen the statement that to men possessed with an idea friendship is the supreme relation in life. I am quite sure that this is true. If to the poet, for instance, his wife is dearer than his friend, it is because she is not only his wife, but his dearest friend; the marriage includes friendship. The reason that the Carlyle marriage was unhappy, so far as it was unhappy, was that in the details which marriage thrust upon them (those details being made prominent by poverty), the element of friendship sometimes seemed to disappear. Poverty made it impossible for Mrs. Carlyle to be as fully her husband's friend, and share his interests after marriage as she had done before, and it was in the partial disappearance of friendship that the misery consisted.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 12th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I am just a little troubled lest you should understand me to assert in my last letter that happiness depends upon money. I think you know me better than to suppose that I could take such a position. Happiness, deep happiness, so far as it depends upon anything earthly, depends upon congenial work and satisfying love. Where these are to be found I do not believe that poverty can cause any real unhappiness. But the difficulty is that poverty, by making uncongenial work necessary, sometimes makes congenial work impossible, and when the work is uncongenial even love is frequently partially destroyed.

To give up the things that money buys, to live in the simplest possible way for love's sake, that seems to me a sacrifice hardly worth mentioning; it is just no sacrifice at all if its reward is love. But to give up work, work that is one's soul's soul, one's life's life for love, that is something that scarcely any man can do (I am not sure that a man ought to be able to do it), and very few women can do it. If women can do it more frequently than men, it is not because they are more unselfish, but because they very seldom love work for its own sake as a man loves it. Their work ordinarily consists in making those whom they

love happy and comfortable, therefore they love their work chiefly because they love their dear ones.

In the case of the Carlyles both were interested chiefly in intellectual things, both had literary aspirations. These letters reveal the fact that not only was it Miss Welsh's ambition to write, but it was also Carlyle's ambition for her. But when she became Mrs. Carlyle poverty forced her to give up her intellectual pursuits in great measure, her literary aspirations altogether. For a woman of her temperament this was the greatest sacrifice that she could have been called upon to make. Money to have lived better than they did would probably have added very little to the happiness of either of them, but sufficient to have made it possible for them to live in the simple way in which they did live, without her hands doing so much, would have set her free to do her own work, and to be a real companion to her husband. What Carlyle had wanted in a wife was an intellectual companion; for a home, except as a place in which to work, he did not care, and he certainly had no longing for children. Indeed, what they both wanted in marriage was intellectual companionship, and alas! poverty denied them the very thing for which they married. The necessary difference in their work separated them, and moreover as Mrs. Carlyle had so little time in which to read or study, she must often have felt that she was growing less com-

panionable to him, even when she was with him.

Moreover Carlyle, like many artists and literary men, grew less and less to want companionship. In his early days while he was finding himself, feeling the need for the self-expression, which was not yet able to find its outlet in literary production, he wanted a friend to whom he could say all that was in his heart and mind. But later his work became all in all to him; in his writings both his intellectual and his emotional nature found full satisfaction and full expression. Hence he craved solitude rather than companionship. "Carlyle," his wife writes, "seldom asks me to walk or drive with him." When the creative fervor was upon him he wished to be alone in order that he might create; when tired he wished to be alone in order that he might rest.

But had Mrs. Carlyle been doing literary work too, she would have understood her husband's need for solitude, and would not have been hurt by it. She would have felt that when each was doing his or her own work the physical separation did not count, for the spiritual union was so deep. And when they did come together, while there might have been some irritability still (there always is with such temperaments), beneath it all there would have been such a real union of interests that there might have been such a fellowship as Mr. and Mrs. Browning had. Indeed, I am not at all sure that the Brownings would have stood the test of poverty any better

than the Carlyles did. Perhaps Mr. Browning, because of his robust health, would have appeared to better advantage than Mr. Carlyle, but I doubt whether Mrs. Browning would have endured the daily crucifixion even so well as Mrs. Carlyle did. And yet deep down beneath all the irritability and surface unhappiness, I believe that the Carlyles were happy, for after all they did love and understand each other.

And for myself, I am glad that Froude has published the story of their married life so fully, for it deepens my sympathy with both of them. I am drawn closer to both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle by the very irritability which caused them so much unhappiness. I understand how they really loved each other, and how they suffered. And if it be right to write a man's life at all, then it must be written as Carlyle's life was. I have been reading lately the life of a woman who accomplished much, but who had certain faults which were well known to all her friends and acquaintances. Not a word was said of these, a perfect character was depicted. Every one who knew the woman said, "The author knows certain things about her that he is not telling." Would it not have been better, even for her, that he should have admitted the faults, offering if possible a loving explanation of them?

To go back to the Carlyle marriage, I believe that the woman whose life is literature, art, music or scholarship (I am not, of course, speaking of

the woman who simply has considerable literary or artistic taste and cultivation), runs a great risk in marrying, unless she marries a man with similar abilities and tastes, and sufficient means to make it possible for both to go on with their work. When she can find this combination such a marriage, whether with or without children, is the happiest on the face of the earth. For I doubt if there can possibly be any happiness so great as when two people, who love each other and their work, can live and work together. But when the woman has to give up her work there is any amount of surface unhappiness and sometimes even deeper misery.

By the way, I have somewhere seen the statement that Carlyle could not write a novel because he was too much in earnest for that kind of work. How absurd! Who was ever more in earnest than George Eliot? Perhaps Carlyle could not write a novel because he was too impatient. When he saw something in a character which he disliked, and it might be a very superficial something, it aroused his indignation to such an extent that it was impossible for him to study that character. Then too, while he was perhaps not too didactic, he was didactic too soon, wanting to draw the lesson before he really knew the phenomenon.

I came across a minor historian the other day who writes Carlylese. The effect was almost nauseating, yet certainly Carlyle is not nauseating.

The imitation was nauseating, because it was so plainly an imitation and therefore lacking in sincerity. Carlyle's style is right for him, because it is the proper expression of himself, the most sincere of men; there is no affectation about it; it *is* Carlyle. He was not like other men, only greater; he was different from other men, so it is right that his style should be different, a style that helps us not only to know the thought, but also to know the man who had the thought. But no one can imitate Carlyle who does not sincerely feel as Carlyle felt, and then it would not be imitation.

Was not Carlyle's admiration of Frederick the Great based on the fact that he found him a sincere man like himself, not always truthful, but always true? Have not all strong men been real men, not because they never deceived others, but because they never deceived themselves? A hypocrite to Jesus was not the man who tried to make others think that he was better than he was, but the man who thought himself better than he was, a far more dangerous man than the other.

"Know thyself!" Know thy worse self and cast it off.—Know thy best self, and be that best self.

My family join me in sending love.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 14th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

How the every day, sometimes trivial things which accompany great events, impress us! There is nothing more vivid or more touching in Carlyle's "French Revolution" than these words following the story of the execution of the king, "Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sang out their trivial quotidian cries." Have you ever watched by a death bed and seen the sun rise or set just as the life went out? And what an impression the weather makes upon us in times of sorrow, the piercing beauty of the beautiful day, the dull, heavy quieting of the storm! I remember just what the weather was every time that I have laid a dear one to rest, I think beautiful weather drives the sorrow in most.

I remember, too, the day that someone came to my room to tell me something that seemed to put a stop to my life for years. The maid had just been washing the floor and there were some big wet spots; when I think of that time I always see them.

I was a tiny child shelling peas when word was brought that President Garfield had been shot. I can never shell peas now or see anyone shell peas without thinking of it! Have you such associations, I wonder?

Yours with love,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 18th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

How much, I wonder, are we to blame for our temperaments? Mrs. Buxton has just been calling on me, and she told me that the other day her six-year-old Helen flew into a terrible passion. When she quieted down, she said, "Mother, you tell me that I should try to be good, and I do try, but so far as I can find out I'm the only person in the world who is trying. There is Marian," her little sister, "she doesn't try; she doesn't have to try, for she was born good. Then there are some other people who were born bad, but who don't care, and so they don't try. But I was born bad, and I *do* care. That is a very hard way to be born." Yes, my little maiden, a very hard way to be born. Why is it that some people are born, not only with so many more outside difficulties to overcome, but with so much more to overcome in themselves? And how far is it possible to overcome?

Mildred Smith has been telling me an interesting story about her three-year-old Norman. She heard him talking to himself, in his crib one morning, unaware of her presence. "Mother says," he drawled out, "that when I'm good I will be happy, and when I'm naughty I won't be happy. And sometimes, when I am a little

naughty, I am not happy, but when I am very naughty indeed, I am very happy indeed." How psychological! When he was a little naughty his conscience was troubling him, and still he wasn't doing what he wanted to do! But when he was very naughty, he had drowned his conscience, and was doing exactly as he wished. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!"

While I am telling stories of children, this is a good one: When my nieces were very little they were visited by some big girls called Lilian and Edna. Next day Cecily said to Marian, "Now, Marian, let's us be Lilian and Edna, and those two little chairs over there, they are Cecily and Marian! Now *we* are talking subjects, and Cecily and Marian can't understand us, they are so astonished that we know enough to talk subjects!" Let us always talk and write "subjects" to each other, dear Beatrice! For if friendship depended upon an interchange of the common-places of life, friends who are separated physically would soon drift apart spiritually (or rather I suppose there would be no occasion for drifting; there never was any spiritual nearness). But we are friends because we like to talk "subjects" together, therefore oceans cannot separate us!

YOUR CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 20th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I think that a sweet disposition appeals more to you than it does to me. Indeed, before I know a person it is no recommendation to tell me that she is sweet and unselfish; it seems such a negative virtue. Sweetness of disposition so often seems to me just blindness; people either do not or will not see the evil in the world. Blindness is always a defect, natural blindness is a calamity, willful blindness a sin; in no case should the failure to see entitle one to admiration. Indeed, there is nothing that I distrust more than natural sweetness of disposition, unless there is behind it a combination of ability and training. An innate tendency to be kind and generous, except as there is a well-ordered mind to direct it, is just as likely to do harm as to do good. For this sweetness of disposition so far from being unselfish is often intensely selfish. It will not give present pain to those who are near at hand, chiefly because that would be to give pain to one's self, but it is reckless of how much future pain it stores up for them, and also of how much suffering, both present and future, it gives to those who are far off. The woman with such a disposition may be generous, but she is rarely just, and the unjust person does infinitely more harm than

does the ungenerous person. Indeed most of the cruelty and the selfishness that disgrace our modern civilization come from persons not naturally vicious; they often have sweet dispositions, but they have been untaught to see either their own or others' actions in their logical relations and true proportions. It is difficult for people who see clearly to be sweet, unless they see still more clearly, and are able to recognize the good under the evil. If I have to choose between sweetness and force, I choose force. But surely it is possible to combine sweetness and strength. "Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness," out of the very strong, and it is only the sweetness that cometh out of the strong that I care for, the sweetness of Dante who "loved well because he hated," the sweetness of Browning's Herakles who recognized that men were weak, not bad, and therefore loved mankind. Dear Beatrice, help me to be sweet, but let us be so, not because we see less, but because we see more than other people do!

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 22nd, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I am not surprised that you do not share my delight in Jesus' message to Herod, "Go and tell that fox." There is certainly a delightful spice of humanity in it, but perhaps at first thought there does not seem to be sufficient of divinity to make it in keeping with the character of Jesus. But on second thought it was His divinity rather than His humanity that made it right for Him to use such an expression. We might well hesitate before calling a fellow-creature a fox, because in the first place we do not know the heart, and so cannot be sure who is indeed a fox, and in the second place unless we can be absolutely sure that there is nothing foxy in ourselves, it does not behoove us to accuse another. But Jesus "needed not that anyone should testify unto Him of man, for He Himself knew what was in man" and "in Him there was no unrighteousness."

How do we know that He was sinless? The evangelists might have thought Him sinless when He was not, for their standards were probably not higher than those of other men of their times, until He made them so. But it is noteworthy that they tell us nothing of Him which judged by modern standards would be accounted sin. There is no other Bible character, of whom we

have any extended account, whose sins are not recorded. But far more remarkable than this, not only is there no actual sin recorded in Jesus' case, but in Him there was no consciousness of sin. Instead, there is a decided but perfectly matter of course consciousness of sinlessness. "I and my Father are one." "I do always the things that please Him." Mahommed on his deathbed exclaimed at intervals, "The good Lord grant me pardon," and when too weak to speak a whole sentence he kept murmuring, "Pardon, pardon." On the cross Jesus prayed for forgiveness for His murderers, but for Himself He felt no need to ask forgiveness. Now, except in the case of absolute sinlessness, the higher the ideal the greater the consciousness of sin must be. St. Paul writes, "The evil that I would not, that I do." Almost crazed by the "war in his members," he cried out, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Thomas à Kempis, St. Francis and all whom the Church has recognized as saints have written in much the same way. The absence of this consciousness of sin in Jesus seems to prove that He alone lived up to His ideal, that He alone "did no sin," that He alone was, "holy, harmless and undefiled, separate from sinners."

But don't let the expression the "gentle Jesus" mislead us into thinking that He could not be severe or had that negative mawkish sweetness, which is to me characteristic only of the weak.

The Prince of Peace, it has been well said, was a great controversialist. And while He certainly would not have approved of some of the theological controversies which have divided Christians, He knew that His disciples like Himself, would have to be controversialists, if they would conquer the world. He knew all the suffering that must come before Truth would prevail. That was one reason why the sending out of the Twelve was to Him such a solemn moment, He knew the cost of what He was doing, He could look ahead to the centuries of division and bloodshed that their message would cause, ere it could prevail. In agony of spirit he cried, "I came to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I if it be already kindled! Think not that I came to bring peace upon the earth, I came not to bring peace but a sword!" Not only wars and persecutions, but suffering much more bitter than they could bring. "For there shall be from henceforth five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Yet "he that doth not take up his cross," this cross of family separation, "and follow after Me is not worthy of Me." I have heard that it was in the border states that our civil war brought the most intense suffering; for there families were divided, one son was in one army, the other in the

other, and those who stayed at home could not even talk of the war, because of the family difference. Such was the suffering, only much greater, that the gospel of the gentle Jesus brought to many families.

Have you ever noticed that Herod was the only man who had a bad reputation that Jesus condemned? Against the disreputable vices He had little to say, it was the respectable vices, hypocrisy and avarice, that met with His severest condemnation. It was not necessary to condemn the disreputable sins, the fact that they interfere with worldly success had already condemned them in the eyes of the multitude. But it was necessary to point out that the sins that do not interfere with success, that even at times contribute to it, are none the less sins.

Yours in fellowship (my teacher Miss Morgan's signature when she wrote to her friends, and it is a good one).

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 25th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

You ask me whether I think that intellectual men like intellectual women. I was rather startled that you should have any doubt upon the subject, for all the intellectual men whom I know like intellectual women, and I have come to take it for granted that they do, to feel that the prejudices which I admit many men did have against such women thirty years ago have completely died out. But then I remember that you and I have lived in rather different circles, and I suppose that that accounts for your question. My intimate associations have been chiefly in families, where men and women have not only been equally educated, but educated in very much the same way. The men in these families have taken it as a matter of course that their sisters should have the same knowledge and the same interests that they have, and when they have married they have chosen wives who could give them the same fellowship which their sisters have given them. That is, having always known intellectual women, they have never had any prejudice against them, and take it as a matter of course that their wives are to be their intellectual equals, just as they take it as a matter of course that they are to be their social equals. You, on the other hand, grew

up in a highly cultured circle, but one in which it was customary for the women to receive much less education, or at least a very different education, from that which the men received. The men in your set have known very few intellectual women, consequently they have retained the prejudices against them which were almost universal fifty years ago. Then perhaps they have been unfortunate in the few whom they have known, they have been the type of woman whom educated or uneducated they would not have liked, and they make the mistake of fancying that it is their education that makes them dislike them.

I believe that when a man says that he does not like highly educated women, it is because he has never known a highly-educated woman of a type whom he would have liked, had she not been educated. Men are attracted by personality in a woman, some by one type of personality, some by another; when a man meets the personality that attracts him, he falls in love whether the owner of that personality is educated or uneducated, but I believe that the attraction is greater, and I know that it is more permanent, when she is educated. In my own experience I have known four women who were simply besieged, their lives made miserable by lovers, three of them were Ph. D.'s! Among the Greeks the courtesans, whose business it was to attract many men, were educated in the things that interested men. It is true that the Greeks of Pericles' day married women vastly

their intellectual inferiors, but they did not pretend to love, or even to like their wives. They married simply because they wished to have children, and they regarded marriage as almost the lowest relationship of life, as in fact it was.

The truth is that it is only the education of women that has made marriage high or holy or even dignified. I think that this explains the attitude of the Church of the Middle Ages toward the marriage of the clergy. In Gardiner's "Student's History of England," I find the words, "It was held by the purer minds in the tenth century that celibacy was holier than marriage. If our opinion has changed now, it is because many things have changed. No one then thought of teaching a girl anything except to sew, and to look after the house, and an ignorant and untrained wife could only be a burden to a man who was intent upon the growth of the spiritual or intellectual life in himself and others." To-day we feel that a man who marries his cook has distinctly lowered himself. We must remember that in those days if a man married he had little choice but to marry his cook, therefore the higher type of man did not marry at all. In America at present I am inclined to think that the average woman is better educated than the average man. Therefore the average man does not marry his intellectual inferior, he is not attracted by her. Why should the decidedly intellectual man alone be content with a wife inferior to himself?

I notice that when a college-trained man marries a college-trained woman he always wants his daughters to have a training equal to her mother's. I have known cases in which there have been financial difficulties which have made the mother hesitate, but the father never does, his daughter must be like her mother. On the other hand, when a man of ability marries a woman decidedly his intellectual inferior, even though he may continue to love her, his one idea seems to be to secure for his daughter an education that will make her different from her mother. I think college faculties and principals of schools can testify, that where there is one mother who wants her daughter educated, there are three fathers.

And if intellectual men enjoy intellectual wives and daughters, even more do intellectual sons enjoy intellectual mothers. A man whose mother and wife are both thoughtful, scholarly women told me that he was having the only serious difference that he ever had with his mother, a difference over the education of his little sister. "You see," he said, "it is this way. My mother went to a school which I am sure was a very bad one. She left that school at sixteen. When she was seventeen she married. I was born when she was eighteen, there were three other sons and a daughter. But my mother was a genius, she studied with her boys, she kept a little ahead of me in my preparation for the university, she followed intelligently the course of all her

sons in the university, and has taken a great interest in everything that we have done since. She has always been our chief intellectual inspiration. But now she argues that the school education that she had is sufficient for my little sister, that since she has been able to do so much without being taught, my sister does not need teaching. She does not see that she was a genius, my sister is just an average little girl, that therefore if she is to be her equal, she must have more training than she had to prepare her for wifeness and motherhood, to fit her to be a companion to her husband and sons that her mother has been."

There may be a great deal of affection between the non-intellectual mother and the intellectual son, but there can hardly be fellowship, such fellowship as knit together the souls of St. Augustine and St. Monica, and without fellowship affection cannot be at its best. And certainly you and I can testify to the high fellowship between brothers and sisters when there is approximate intellectual equality. I do not know whether my brothers wanted me to go to college or not, but I am sure that we like each other better because I went. The truth is, that after the children are grown, the family can only be a unit as father and mother, brothers and sisters, are on the same general intellectual plane. The simple family is a unit because they are none of them intellectual. If in the cultured family the men are intellectual and the women are not, the family cannot be a

unit; if half of the family has reached a higher plane the other half must reach it too.

There is one relationship between man and woman of which I believe that the intellectual woman, that is the woman with big interests, has the monopoly, and that is friendship. To the woman who is not fitted to marry, or cannot marry the man whom she would choose, this relationship is most precious, for no woman should leave men entirely out of her life. But friendship is purely intellectual and spiritual, it is founded upon fellow-interests and fellow-service, therefore it can only exist between approximate equals. When a man's wife is decidedly his intellectual inferior even she, although he may love her, cannot be his friend. And while such a man may love his wife, it is very noticeable that he takes no direct personal interest in her friends. For her sake he welcomes them to the house, he may even feel a certain affection for some of them. But he does not look forward to their coming for his own sake with the same eagerness that she does, he does not walk, talk and read with them as the husband of the intellectual wife walks, talks and reads with her friends; they are always his wife's friends, not his friends. If it is otherwise, his wife is jealous. For if he makes friends of women like herself she feels that the attraction is physical; if on the other hand his women friends are intellectually superior, she fears that it is because he feels a deficiency in her.

There are many who admit that the intellectual woman has no difficulty in finding both husband and men friends, but they maintain that the trouble is not that men do not like such a woman, but that she does not like them, at least does not like them well enough to marry them, her life is too full for her to care for marriage. To this I would reply with John Stuart Mill, that if marriage is so unattractive that only women who can do nothing else are willing to enter upon it, it is the duty of men to make it more attractive. But I am quite sure that there is not one woman in a hundred who would not rather marry than do anything else, if she can marry the right man. Only to the woman who has her own interests and can earn her own living, marriage in itself is not such an object that she will marry the wrong man, thereby making herself and him miserable. Statistics have been published lately to prove that the college woman marries a little more frequently than the non-college woman in the same class. I do not know much about the accuracy of these statistics, and I do know that statistics can sometimes be used to prove anything, and I confess that I am not so anxious that there should be more marriages as that the marriages that there are should be real marriages, marriages that continue both in form and in spirit unto death. And of this I am sure, whether the college woman is so likely to marry as the non-college woman or not, she is more likely to stay married. Divorces

of college women are so rare that they can almost be said not to exist. I do not see how this can be interpreted in any way except by admitting that college women, when they marry, are on an average happier and make their husbands happier than do non-college women. For so far as the morality of divorce is concerned, that is something upon which each college woman forms her own opinion, and these opinions differ. And for financial reasons the college woman would be less likely than other women to dread divorce, because better able to support herself. So I conclude that the marriages of college women are likely to be happier than those of other women, and if asked for the reason I should say that it is because they follow the advice given a group of girls by a distinguished woman college president, who was herself about to marry, "Don't marry unless you have to" (have to because constrained by love), "but when you do, do it with all your might."

I suspect that when men fancy that they do not like intellectual women, it is the mere pedant or the mere researcher that they have in mind. Now for the mere pedant, whether man or woman, I believe that there is no place in this world, either for him or for his work. For the mere researcher's work there may be a place (though even that is infinitely better done when the researcher is more than a researcher), but for himself there is no place. The woman who is mere pedant or mere researcher is only a shade more obnoxious

than the man. Mere knowledge is of no avail to either man or woman. But by the intellectual woman I mean the woman who takes an intelligent interest in great subjects, who knows, but who values knowledge only that she may think and feel more truly and deeply, the woman who knows indeed, but who thinks more than she knows, and feels more than she thinks; the woman who is serene because she sees life in its proper proportions, whose sympathies therefore reach beyond her little world to God's big world, and yet who loves her own little world none the less for that; the woman who has done enough work to keep her humble, and to enable her to enter into the life of a husband whose work is his life.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 26th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

When Oscar Wilde was in the hey-day of his prosperity he said that no one could realize the misery of the world and believe in the existence of a God. When he was in the depths, in prison, he said that no one could realize his own misery and not believe in a God. Yes, that is it, the misery of the world makes us exclaim, "There cannot be a God, for He would not permit it!" but our own misery makes us cry out, "There must be a God, for I need Him so!" When we merely look we see only the misery, when we experience we feel the God under the misery. For what we need, we find. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Misery presses us down into the underneath, and we feel those arms. The man who reads about an accident in the newspapers is more likely to say "There is no God," than are the bereaved families, do you not think so?

Always lovingly

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 28th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I sympathize fully with your annoyance with people who in an officious manner bid you welcome in a strange church. I suppose it is sometimes a little difficult to know what to do, for of course there are always those who complain that when they go to church, no one speaks to them. But to me the advantage in going to a church where I do not know people consists in the fact that it is a place where I can hold communion with God, and with no one else. Sometimes in English churches I have seen words such as these, "This is the house of God. From the time that you come into this house until the time that you go out of it, speak only to God." And while perhaps in one's home church the sociability that frequently follows the service may be a gain, in a strange church I like the English custom better. I do not need to be made to feel at home in church, for it never occurs to me that the church building belongs to any particular set of people, it is God's house and I feel as much at home in one house of God as in another. To my mind one of the great advantages of a cathedral is that no one knows who any one else is, therefore every one may be alone with God.

I suppose that if one really worshiped from

love of God that love would go out to all other worshipers. But why cannot we take that for granted? I confess that when I am in a strange community, in which I do not expect to stay, I feel more love for my fellow-worshippers when they do not say, "I am glad to see you," than when they do say it. Perhaps my chief objection to it is that it does not seem really sincere to me. People who do not know me are not glad to see me in any real sense, certainly not glad to see me as me. On general principles they may be glad to see anyone come to church, but I think that frequently they say so only because they have an idea that it is their duty to speak to me. And I dislike that general sense of responsibility for others that some people assume. It is so often assumed by people who are doing nothing to enrich their own lives, correct metallic people. We sum up the law and the gospel when we love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength and with all our mind and our neighbor as ourselves. And when we love in this way we will do things that are the natural expression of love. But I do not feel that the officious, "I am glad to see you," after church springs from real love to either God or man, rather it springs from an almost metallic sense of duty.

My temperament is that, unless I can be with those dearest to me, and sometimes even then, I prefer to see and hear the greatest things alone,

great pictures, great music, and great scenery. So I prefer to be alone with God. Is this unsociable? After all Jesus Himself liked to go apart to pray, wanted to get away even from His disciples, though He loved them. He was more to them when He came back to them because he had been away. The difficulty with many bustling modern church workers is that they do not go apart to pray. Prayer is the great enricher of life. Of course it might be asked if I go to church to meet with God alone, why go to church at all? cannot one pray at home? I answer that there is something in being in the great congregation, something in the church building, something sometimes in the music and the sermon that bring God near to us in a different way from that in which He draws near to us at home.

Of course I cannot quite put myself in the position of a lonely person, for I am so happily situated as not to know the need of companionship; I have my work, I have my family, and I have my dear friends. When I want fellowship in the great things of life I can always find one like-minded with myself, and such a person knows enough not to talk. I love to kneel at the communion rail next to one who is dear to me, but I want to feel her presence, not to hear her voice. And when we walk home together we usually do not want to talk. So when I am in trouble I like to feel the sympathy of those about me when it is real, but I do not want many expressions

of sympathy, I want chiefly to be alone in order that I may think, work and pray. And I resent anyone feeling that I need sympathy. When it is given, not because I need it, but because the givers need to give it, because they cannot help giving it, then it sometimes helps, and even when because of its bungling expression it doesn't help, I do not resent it. Love people and love righteousness, then you will help people to bear burdens, and be better, but I think that there is very little help that does not spring either from intense love of those whom one helps, or from intense love of the ideals toward which one would help.

For myself I cannot offer the kind of sympathy that I would hate to receive. And I cannot go much out of my way to help, I am not a woman of leisure, my work takes most of my time and strength. And I do not believe that it is my duty to be looking around to find something to do. My duty is clearly to teach my students as well as possible, and in leisure times to enrich my own life in order that I may teach them; not in a superficial way to be trying to help people whom I don't know how to help.

Lovingly

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, August 31st, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I have been re-reading Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," in some respects very beautiful, but to me unsatisfying and morally weakening like almost everything that Maeterlinck writes. What does "The Blue Bird" mean? When it was given in New York it was advertised on the bill-boards "The Blue Bird for Happiness." But if the Blue Bird is really happiness, then it seems to me that the play is immoral, that it is immoral to teach children that happiness cannot be found. For happiness *can* be found, anyone can find happiness who has full faith in God and in immortality. If this faith is strong enough, nothing else is necessary. But it hardly ever is strong enough. So I think that in this life it must be supplemented by two other things, work and love, work that is not mere drudgery and love that is uplifting. Nor do I find it absolutely essential to happiness that there should be every kind of love, love of parents, brothers, sisters, friends, husband and children. But I do believe that for life to be complete there must be love that has had a beginning, one must not only love, but must fall in love; there is a certain awakening that comes to us with falling in love that does not come to us with those whom we have always loved, so if there is not marriage there must be strong friendship.

I do not myself, however, believe that the Blue Bird means happiness. It is some attainment, perhaps some discovery, some secret of the universe or secret of life that will make us better able to control and develop Nature, to control and develop ourselves. At certain times of our life we think we know what it is, and we bend all our energies toward attaining that which we suppose it to be. But when we reach that for which we have striven it fails to satisfy, we want something beyond.

“We do not see it where it is,
At the beginning of the race,
As we proceed it shifts its place,
And where we looked for crowns to fall,
Why there’s the tug to come, that’s all.”

But this is no reason for unhappiness, for it is not in having but in striving that the happiness of life consists.

“’Tis not the grapes of Eshcol that repay,
But the high faith that kept us all the way.”

Probably, whether Maeterlinck means the Blue Bird to symbolize happiness or not, he does think that happiness cannot be found, for he has no belief in personal immortality. To him there are no dead, not because the dead are alive, but because they live only in our memories, and I do not see how one who believes that can ever attain happiness.

If the Blue Bird were happiness, don't you think that Love, not Light should be the guide to it?

With my love always

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 2nd, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Yesterday I had a tiny operation for which it was necessary to take gas. When I came out of it the doctor said, "I know that you were conscious all the time, but you did not feel any pain." That expresses it. My body was dead, but my spirit was alive. That is, for the time being, I was a disembodied spirit. Eleanor had accompanied me, and I kept thinking about the things that she and I had talked about before I took the gas. Sometimes too I thought, "Now they must be cutting me, but I don't feel it." Will death, I wonder, be anything like that? My senses were dead, but I kept on thinking about the impressions that had come to me through the senses while they were alive. But when there are no more impressions to come from the outside world, shall I after awhile have thought out all that I have had, and then will there be nothing left to think about? Or shall we find the impressions which we have gathered through the senses in this life sufficiently numerous to occupy our minds to all Eternity? Is the body simply given to us that it may gather material upon which the mind may work, and when it has gathered enough does it leave us, in order that it may not impede the mind in its processes of pure thought?

The difficulty however in making my experience

of yesterday correspond to the life after death is that under the influence of *gas* there is no communication with any other spirit. It may be well to be alone with God for a time in order that He may help us to look back upon the life that we have lived in the flesh, and see that in it which He intended us to see. Perhaps too we may be able to see the past better when there is no present to obscure the vision. But surely only for a time! I want the communion which you and I have had with each other here to go on there, the self-revelation and the self-development that has resulted from it. Yet even if this were denied me, I should feel that you were still with me, for you have entered into me, so far as there is any good in me I am what you and other dear ones have made me.

“Because I live ye shall live also!” We live because He lives in us, so in a lesser degree I think that we live because our friends live in us. And nothing can ever separate us from that which lives in us.

YOUR CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 4th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

We hear so often in these days the expressions the "simple life," and the "strenuous life," and I think that some people get the impression that the one is opposed to the other. But I take it that the simple life is the life which has a definite object in view, and whose every action is aimed at the attaining of that object, and therefore does not waste energy in other directions. There is no reason why the simple life should not also be the strenuous life, indeed I think that it generally is. Paul's life was a simple life, but it certainly was a strenuous life. "Laying aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset me, I press toward the mark of the prize to the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"; "I follow after if by any means I may apprehend that for which also I have been apprehended."

Is the simple life necessarily a good one? That depends upon what its aim is. The unjust steward's life was a simple one, its aim being to attain financial security, I do not find that it was a meritorious one. Yet a life with any aim seems to me better than the aimless life, for it shows some decision of character. "The ungodly are not so, they are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." The chaff, not the poisonous weeds, the useless, not the positively harmful. I do not be-

lieve in the parent or the teacher who says to the naughty child, "I know that you didn't mean to do wrong." It is not necessary to mean to do wrong in order to do it, it is only necessary not to mean to do right. And he who means to do wrong often does less harm than he who doesn't mean it, for to a definite intention there is a definite limit, to drifting there is no limit.

The housewife leads the simple life when her aim is to make everything in her home contribute to the happiness, well-being and proper development of her household, shutting the outside world out when that is best, bringing it in when that is best. I lead the simple life when my aim is to be the best teacher that I can be, and when I make everything that I do contribute to that aim. But the aim to be a good housewife or a good teacher is not final, the final aim is to be a good person, a well-developed, even though in some cases a one-sided person. Yet I do not know, I seek to be a good person in order that I may be a good teacher, I seek to be a good teacher in order that I may be a good person. It is hard to tell which is means and which is end.

Ever yours,
CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 6th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I have had a call from Mrs. Hazard this morning. She is greatly concerned about her seventeen-year old daughter Dorothy, not because she is developing in an undesirable way, but because she seems to be growing away from her mother. "She does not seem to understand," Mrs. Hazard complains, "that her mother is her best friend. She talks to other people, to girls of her own age and to older women far more freely than she does to me, and when she does talk to me, we are likely to clash."

I tried to make Mrs. Hazard see that the situation is not one greatly to be regretted; that it is perfectly natural and fairly frequent, and does not necessarily imply any lack of love on Dorothy's part. When mother and daughter, both really strong characters, can be perfectly harmonious during the years in which the daughter is passing from childhood to womanhood, it is happier and probably better. But I have seldom known a mother and daughter who did not clash somewhat during that period, and when I have known such a case, the daughter although generally a lovely woman, has somehow failed to attain full development, for she has been too much overshadowed by her mother.

The truth is that it is difficult when mother and daughter are constantly together to pass from the relationship of authority and obedience, which is proper between mother and small child, to that of equal friendship which should exist when the daughter has attained her maturity. Hard for both mother and daughter. It is hard for the mother to realize that her daughter is reaching an age in which she is entitled to feel around and find her opinions for herself. If these opinions disagree with hers, she is likely to combine disapproval with her disagreement, to express herself too much with the air of one having authority. The result is that the daughter either keeps her ideas to herself, possibly gives up having ideas of her own with the result that she never finds herself, never develops any initiative, or she seeks some other confidante. This last course is not to be condemned. It is perfectly natural that a girl should in the formative period of life find that the friend of her own age who is passing through experiences similar to her own, or the older woman who has no preconceived ideas of her, can give her a kind of help that her mother cannot give.

So when a mother finds that her daughter has a tendency either to shut herself away from her, or to clash with her, I am sure that the best thing for her to do is not to fight it, not to say that it is wrong, but to recognize that the time has come when her child must find herself apart from her;

and she can rest assured that unless there is a very deep temperamental difference, in which case there is no use fighting against God, as soon as her daughter has really found her individuality, she will come back to her mother, and the fellowship will then be deep and true. And even temperamental difference, while it may stand in the way of friendship, does not prevent strong natural affection.

Is not one great reason for sending girls away to boarding-school and college that they may develop their own personalities? Just as the boy who goes at once into business with his father, the young man who immediately upon graduation accepts a position in his Alma Mater is not likely to develop initiative, so the daughter who is always with her mother labors under a similar disadvantage. It is not the mother's fault, not the father's fault, not Alma Mater's fault, it is the nature of things.

With love always
CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 7th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I have been thinking a great deal lately about the first chapter of John's Gospel. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." That describes Jesus' true mission, he came not so much to bring us a message from the Father as to Himself be a message from the Father. For not only did He bring us words from the Father, He was Himself the Word, "the Word of God incarnate, the Wisdom from on High." His life was not only the Father's message to us, but the revelation of the Father to us. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," seen all of the Father that we can comprehend. He was the Father writ little that we might understand. He never argued about the existence of God, for God was in Him and He was in God.

"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." It was the life of God that was in Him, Eternal Life. And just as he never argued about the existence of God, so He never argued about immortality. He felt it in Himself, He was the Resurrection and the Life.

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory." His glory? what glory did the Twelve behold? Three of them, it

is true, witnessed the Transfiguration. Otherwise what was the glory? "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." "He was despised and rejected of men, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief." At the end they beheld Him buffeted and spit upon, and then the accursed death of the cross. His glory then could be seen only with the mind's eye, the glory of perfect sinlessness. And it was as truly a glory to the disciples to be able to see it as it was to Him to have it. He opened the eyes of two of them on the way to Emmaus that they might understand the Scriptures. Did He open the eyes of all of them that they might see His glory?

What subordinate tax-collector, fisherman or country physician could have invented the story of His birth, and told it with such perfect taste? "The Holy Spirit shall come upon Thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow Thee, wherefore also the Holy Thing that is born of Thee shall be called the Son of God." Then the holy calm that pervades the story! The crowd around the cradle are certainly very effectively grouped. Choirs of angels as representatives of the heavenly hosts, shepherds, probably of that reflective turn of mind common to Orientals, representing the meek and lowly of the earth, Simeon and Anna representing the thoughtful pious Jews who "looked for the consolation of Israel," wise

men from the East representing the scholarship of the age, and in the background the sinister figure of the wicked king.

I like to think of the angels' song "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." The "Glory to God" was to be the result of the peace, good-will toward men. He came to bring his people peace, on His birth-night the angels sang "Peace," on the last night of his life he said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you"; when the Apostle wanted to wish His followers the sum of earthly good he wrote, "The peace of God that passeth all understanding keep your minds and hearts in Christ Jesus," and again we have the words, "He is our peace."

What is peace? It is I think the equilibrium between joy and sorrow, it is joy when it is full, and joy is never full until we have known both joy and sorrow, and have felt the joy that is beneath the sorrow. It is the joy which Jesus Himself had, for if He was the Man of Sorrows He was also the Man of Joy. All natures that feel sorrow not dully but keenly feel joy also keenly. The body, so sensitive to weariness and pain, must also have felt the delightful reaction that comes when weariness and pain are over. He who was wounded by the hostility of the world must have thrilled with joy when He found love; He who was wounded by the sin of the world must have known special joy when He found righteousness. "I have not found so great faith, no, not

in Israel," "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jonah, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven," "I thank Thee, oh, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes,"—these were some of His sayings in moments of joy.

And through all the joy and sorrow He attained peace. How? I think it came first through obedience. "Lo, I come, in the volume of the Book it is written of me, to do Thy will, oh God." "I do always the things that please Him." But there are obedient people who attain neither happiness nor peace, for their obedience is dull, sordid, slavish. But back of Jesus' obedience was the love which always identified what God pleased with what He pleased. For Jesus was the only person who ever fully loved God, and therefore fully pleased Himself in pleasing God. And back of the love was the sense of sonship which involved not only likeness to the Father, but identity of the Father's interests with His. When we can feel ourselves sons as He felt Himself a son, and because of this feeling of sonship can love as He loved, and because of this love can obey as He obeyed, then we shall truly know His peace. And He came to bring us peace by making us sons! "As many as received Him, to them gave He the power to become children of God!"

But the peace is to come to men of good will. Then He came to bring us good will too, good will toward each other as well as good will toward Him. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one toward another." Love to God expressing itself chiefly in love to man, that is Christianity.

YOUR CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 8th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I was much interested in your account of your visit to Huntingdon, and its associations with Cromwell. I think that you are unjust to Cromwell and the Puritans. It is almost as difficult for me as it is for you to see the good in people who have no reverence for beauty; but we must not let the fact that the Puritans didn't care for many of the things that we care for, and limited their usefulness because they didn't care for them, blind us to the fact that they did the one thing that their age needed most—they strongly reasserted the moral imperative. Of course there were hypocrites among them, but in the main they were men with a very vivid belief in a personal relation existing between each individual and his Maker, and they taught England not only by their words but by their lives, that it behooves a man to live "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye," to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible," and with indomitable courage and dogged persistence "to obey God rather than men." This lesson is the glorious heritage which the Church of England and the Dissenters alike have derived from the seventeenth century Puritans. But the difficulty with them was that they were not content with teaching men to "abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good"; they tried

to go further and show them just what was evil, and just what was good, ignoring the fact that it is the business of each thinking individual not only to do what is right, but to find out what is right, and that self-development is as much a duty as is self-control.

As for Oliver himself I have lived with him a great deal; I feel that I know the man, and am intensely interested in him. Dr. Gardiner tells us that he is interested in him because he finds in him the whole history of England, for Cromwell's character has been England's character throughout her history; that just as Cromwell furnished material alike to those who wished to prove him a hypocrite, and to those who wished to prove him a saint, so England has furnished material alike to those who have wished to prove her a Pharasaical land-grabbing bully and to those who have wished to prove her the greatest civilizing power that the world has ever seen. But I am interested in Cromwell chiefly as a type of struggling humanity, not so much because I see in him England writ little, though I do see that, as because I see in him every one of us writ large. The tragedy of his life is more and more borne in upon me, for if tragedy arise from a conflict of motives in a noble soul, resulting in the apparent defeat of one or all of them, then the life of Oliver Cromwell was as truly a tragedy as was that of any man who ever walked this earth. Some day I hope that a great tragedian will see

that there is as much material for tragedy in Cromwell as in Hamlet.

You assume, as many do, that he was very dictatorial, domineering over all with whom he came in contact. If you read the records of the Army Council you will see how mistaken you are. He has surprisingly few suggestions to make; his attitude throughout is that of a listener, a judge rather than an advocate. Almost every one had more clearly defined theories than he, therefore he listened to everyone. "No one," it has been said, "tolerated fools more gladly than did Cromwell." His power consisted in this habit of patient, sympathetic listening, listening until he understood all sides, and was able to sum up the average sense of all. He had a mind capacious enough to understand other men's hobbies, and he had no special hobby of his own. He recognized the partial truth in the position of each of the contending factions, and he recognized that it was but a partial truth. His aim was to settle the questions at issue in such a way as not to exclude any of these fragmentary truths, and yet not to permit any to domineer over the others.

I think that you are wrong, too, in ascribing to him quick, bigoted decisions. It is true that on the battle-field he had no hesitations; there could be no question as to his duty. Nor was he afraid, as some of the Presbyterian officers were, that he would beat the king too much. If he met the king in battle he said that he would

fire his pistol at him as at another man. But he who was so quick on the battle-field was at the council board a man of long hesitations; his very ability to see all sides of a question made it impossible for him to act quickly.

I suppose that the common misconception of his character has arisen from the fact that when he finally did act he acted so decidedly, with so much vehemence. He listened to all that could be said, weighed all in his mind, sometimes for days, months, even years. Often he could have said with Hamlet:

"The time is out of joint, oh, cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

But when action could be delayed no longer he threw himself with full force on the side on which the balance seemed to be at the time, yet still I think with the feeling that it might be wrong. He was energetic enough then, but it seems to me that it often was the energy of despair. He had to act with all his might in order to drown the voice within him that said, "Perhaps I am making a mistake." "I have sought the Lord day and night that He would not lay it upon me to do this thing," he cried when he drove out the Long Parliament. Again, when he required the members of the first Parliament of the Protectorate to take a pledge not to alter the Government as settled in a single person and a Parliament he said, and one hears the passion in his voice still,

"I am sorry, I am sorry, and I could be sorry to the death that this is necessary!" It is true that when his resolution was once taken he did not often allow it to be shaken, but paradoxical as it may seem, I believe that this was not so much because he was sure that he was right, as because he was not sure. He probably felt that he had weighed the arguments on both sides as carefully as he could, he had decided in favor of the side on which the balance seemed to lie, and now he must not think about it any more. For that would be simply to paralyze him; there could be no voice from Heaven to settle the matter, and he could not be eternally reopening the question. I believe the truth to be that Cromwell was conscious all the time that he was growing broader,—growing broader in a way that almost frightened him; he felt the growing pains. And he was afraid lest this breadth of view might lead to moral inertia, as breadth of view often does. Therefore he set himself vigorously to work to guard against this.

We can understand the struggle that went on within him only as we remember that the two movements, Puritanism and Parliamentarism, which had joined forces, had nothing in common save their desire to overthrow the king, and just as soon as this was accomplished, they began to separate. The principle which lay back of the constitutional movement was, the nation must govern itself by means of representative Parlia-

ments. The principle that lay back of the Puritan movement was, the Puritan ideal must be maintained; the right thing must always be done, *as Puritans see the right thing*. Unfortunately these two principles were not mutually inclusive, and they were often mutually exclusive. As a consequence where they were represented by different men, these men became enemies. Where they co-existed in the mind of the same man, as in Cromwell's case, that man was constantly at war with himself. He was obliged to sin sometimes against one, sometimes against the other; consequently he satisfied neither party and least of all did he satisfy himself.

But there was another principle which I think became dearer to Cromwell than either Puritanism or Parliamentarism, the principle of religious toleration, and against this, too, he had to sin. I do not suppose that previous to the civil war he was a much broader man religiously than were most of the Puritans. But the war brought him in contact with many men of many minds. As in constitutional matters, so in religious matters he was forced to admit that everyone had part of the truth, and no one had the whole truth. The necessity of securing a larger number of officers for the army than Presbyterianism could furnish probably forced the practice of toleration upon him, before he had any theory of it, but from the practice he advanced quickly to the theory. There is scarcely a speech or even a letter of his

that does not make it evident that religious liberty was the thing that lay nearest to his heart. After Naseby he wrote to Parliament, "He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country I wish that he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty that he fights for." Later he said that it was his "first task to preach liberty of thought that the people of God might profit thereby," that this was a "duty that he owed to God and to Christ." Once he said that he would rather see England Mohammedan than that the people of God should suffer violence. To Barebones' Parliament he said, "Love the sheep, love the lambs: love all, tender all, cherish and countenance all in all things that are good. And if the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you, I say if any shall desire to live a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected."

And yet he became a persecutor! It may be a question as to whether religious toleration on the part of a government is safe while the spirit of the people is still intolerant. Cromwell came to the conclusion that for him it was not safe. The English Prayer-Book was being made the rallying point of the Royalist party. Therefore in November, 1655, its use was prohibited. This prohibition was not strictly enforced; where no treasonable designs could be traced to them Episcopal congregations were suffered to meet in pri-

vate. But Cromwell felt called upon to persecute, not only the Episcopalians. It was an age of sects. During the period that he was in power there were no less than a hundred and seventy different Puritan sects. Some of these were dangerous to his government. He felt that the only hope of ultimate toleration lay in the Protectorate, so in the very interest of toleration he became a persecutor. He decided that religious bodies were to be tolerated only in so far as they respected the authority of the state.

I think it was Cromwell's inability to make his preaching and his practice on the subject of toleration coincide that wore him out more than anything else. There is to me something very touching in those words of his to George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, "If thou and I were but together an hour of the day we should be nearer the one to the other." Into his troubled life he wanted to get the Quaker's calm. Perhaps, too, the man who had suffered so much from, who had even been made to sin against his conscience by the war of dogma, found special restfulness in the man who was the staunchest opponent of dogmatism.

Of course the weak point in Cromwell's government, his greatest danger, lay in the fact that he had to rely almost entirely upon his army. This too was a sin against his conscience. He told Barebones' Parliament that he had called them together because he was anxious to divest the

sword of all power in the civil administration. "All his constitutional efforts," says Dr. Gardiner, "were directed to the transformation of the military state into the civil state." He did not succeed because he had attempted an impossibility. The support of the army was the only support that he could depend upon. He had overthrown the despotism of the king, he had prevented the despotism of Parliament and the Puritans, and in order to do this he had been obliged to establish the despotism of the army. He ruled England because he was the master of from thirty to fifty-seven thousand men, and of course to be their master meant often to be their servant.

But far be it from any of us to maintain that Cromwell's life was a failure. The richest heritage that a nation can have is the ideals of its great men. And the interesting thing about Cromwell's ideals is that England has realized or is realizing almost all of them. He abolished the feudal monarchy forever, he opened out the path of Empire to England. But more than that we now recognize that almost all the constitutional reforms of the nineteenth century existed at least in germ in the councils of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate.

I don't know whether you and I would have liked Oliver Cromwell, had we known him in the flesh or not, perhaps not. But all of us who are struggling, at times it seems hopelessly, toward

the light, must feel that in spirit at least we have much that is akin to him.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 10th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Yes, I too often wonder how those thirty silent years were spent. The teachings of Jesus seem unpremeditated, and yet I do not believe that they were, they were doubtless thought out in the years before His ministry began. How was He educated? We know that even according to the standards of the times He did not have much education. "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" But in his home or in the school attached to the synagogue, He was at least made very familiar with what we now call the Old Testament Scriptures, the history and the literature of His own people, the record of God's dealing with them, and of God's requirements of them. On the hills above Nazareth He must have spent many hours in prayer and meditation, until He came to a realization that God was His Father in a sense in which He had never been anyone else's Father, and that it was His mission to make other men children of God.

Nazareth was a city of the priests, thus closely connecting Him with the sacred things of Judaism, but it was also a city situated on a great caravan route, thus giving Him a glimpse of what lay beyond Judaism. And it was a wicked city, for it was well that He who was to save His peo-

ple from their sins should from the beginning have some knowledge of what sin was. After His ministry began we are told that "He needed not that any should testify to Him of man, for He Himself knew what was in man," but had this always been true?

He spoke Aramaic, he may have been able to read the Scriptures in Hebrew, possibly He picked up some knowledge of Greek. But of literature, apart from the Jewish Scripture, He could have known nothing, nothing of art, nothing of music. Is it then incongruous that music, art and literature should all have been pressed into His service? made a part of the worship of Him? Would an elaborate cathedral service be displeasing to Him? I do not believe that it would, provided that it was sincere. Would He not rather be pleased that men should express their devotion to Him in the best forms that they knew, that they should think nothing but their best worthy to express their worship of the God Whom He has made known to them? He was not much more familiar with luxury than He was with art, yet He commended Mary when she brought the box of ointment very precious, and poured it over His feet. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Let us offer Him nothing but our best in worship, but let us see that it is our best, a sincere expression of ourselves, of the spirit and the truth of us.

One glimpse only we have of his boyhood, His

first visit to Jerusalem. Do you suppose that this, like Luther's visit to Rome, was disillusionment?

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 14th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Thank you for your letter. Your quoting your friend Mr. Mortimer as saying that he was glad that his bride-elect was not interested in public affairs, because he wanted her to make a home for him rather than to reform other people's homes has set me to thinking. I know that there are many who maintain that the world would be a better place if every woman devoted herself entirely to making a home for her husband, and they even seem to think that the ability to understand and sympathize with him in his work may stand in the way of home-making. And it must be admitted that there are some things that do seem to point that way. You remember the case of our friends Professor and Mrs. Reynolds. There the wife appreciated the husband's work, did help him with her sympathy, yet failed to give him the best conditions for work, because she did not make him comfortable physically; he, because he was not comfortable, was irritable, and his irritability produced irritability in her. Sometimes it seemed as though if Mrs. Reynolds had had less intellect, less temperament, and more housekeeping ability they would have been happier. Now I do not doubt but that they would have been happier if with the same intellect and tempera-

ment she had had more housekeeping ability, but I do not believe they would have been so happy if the housekeeping ability had been substituted for the intellect and temperament. For I am certain that the apparent unhappiness was superficial, that underneath there was a real blessedness. You see they both had that nervous irritability, therefore each understood it in the other, and knew how little it meant. So while they might be irritable, they never ceased to be in love with each other, and how can married lovers fail to be happy? Do you not remember that when in his reading he came across anything that pleased him, he could not wait to share it with her? He would run down two flights of stairs to read her a single sentence, because he was unable to go on with his work until she had heard it. So he could not write without summoning her at least "in fancy to his side," all his books are dedicated to her, because all inspired by love of her, and that is the reason that, while they are scholarly, they are not the work of a mere scholar, there is a heart beating beneath them, the heart of a man who understood life because he understood love, and it is this understanding that gives even the scholarship its value.

Then you remember that Professor Lightfoot had a wife with no intellectual aspirations, no appreciation of his work, but she made him comfortable, and people thought that he was happy. But does the fact that he was not irritable prove that

he was happy? If he was a man of strong feeling, who can tell of the deep unhappiness that might have been his, unhappiness too deep for irritability? My own impression of him however is that he was not particularly unhappy, because, so far as human beings were concerned, he was not a man of deep feeling, his whole being centered in his work, he was that type of mere scholar which is only a little less objectionable in man than in woman. He wanted a wife to make him comfortable physically, because physical comfort is necessary for mental efficiency, that was all. If he was in love at the time of his marriage, being in love was a mere incident in his life, not as with Professor Reynolds the whole of life. At the time I knew him he certainly did not seem to me to be in love. But if he had ceased to be so because his wife had disappointed him I fancy that he did not suffer long, the work which had filled his life before marriage filled it again now. Perhaps there was no definite disappointment, probably no matter what his wife had been, his love, that is his being in love, would have been short lived, for he did not desire companionship in a wife or anyone else, his happiness was in his work. He was grateful to her (when he stopped to think about it) for his physical comfort, and as he saw very little of her she did not bother him much. Sometimes in vacation, when he had his wife, and did not have his work, he was a little restless and irritable, but on

the whole he was not unhappy. But I am quite sure that even his work suffered because he did not have, desire, or deserve a real home. For his books are learned, but dry as dust, no life in them; how could they have life when their author had never lived?

The truth is that neither marriage was ideal, in each there was something lacking, but if Professor Lightfoot was happier than Professor Reynolds, I should say that he was a lower man than Professor Reynolds, at least had a lower ideal of marriage. And while he may not have been unhappy, I am sure that Mrs. Lightfoot had times of great bitterness, for she was a woman of strong affections, and her husband shut her almost entirely out of his life. And although there was much affection between her and her children, she was so much their intellectual inferior, that she did not even have the fellowship with them that Mrs. Reynolds had with her children.

Yes, I do think that a wife's chief, perhaps in many cases her only duty should be to make a home for her husband and children, but a home means more than a well-managed or even beautiful house. Home, to quote our dear Miss Morgan, is the place where we can be our best. If the husband should find physical rest in his home, he should also find spiritual rest and inspiration. I think that there is an impression that it is difficult for the same person to supply both rest and inspiration, and that if a man has to choose between

the two he prefers that his wife should rest rather than inspire, for he can get inspiration from others, from his men friends perhaps. But I maintain that the woman who cannot inspire cannot rest, for both resting and inspiring depends upon understanding; she who does not understand can do neither, she who does understand can do both.

Of course it may be urged that while it is necessary to understand in order to rest and inspire, it is only necessary to understand the man, not to understand his work, his opinions, or his mental processes. Thus a loving dog seems to enter fully into his master's mood, though he does not know the circumstances, or cannot follow the train of thought that has caused that mood. Indeed there are times when I have felt that I could wish for nothing better than to be to those whom I love what a faithful dog is to his master. But after all a woman is not a dog, and just as what amuses in a dog would not amuse in a woman, so what comforts in a dog would not comfort in a woman. Then too, just as it is not possible for the dog to understand the cause of the gladness or the sadness, so it is not possible for him to actively misunderstand, and thus cause suffering. But the woman who does not understand frequently misunderstands, and thus her very sympathy hurts, she should therefore understand if only to keep her from misunderstanding.

Now of course the divine gift of intuition or sympathy which enables us to understand the man

himself is better than the trained intellect which helps us to follow his thought. But there are times when a man's thought is so much himself that to misunderstand the thought is to misunderstand the man. Was there ever any one with quicker intuitions than you have, better fitted to understand another than you to understand me? and yet do you remember the misunderstandings that we had at the beginning of our friendship and how we, or at least I, suffered? You misunderstood, partly because you had grown up in a different atmosphere from that in which I had, and partly because you did not know certain facts, which I did not appreciate that you did not know. I felt that you misunderstood not only my opinions, but me, for my opinions on certain subjects were my very self. And then what joy it was when the time came when you not only understood but even in some measure agreed! Oh, Beatrice, when an unmarried woman speaks of marriage there will always be some to think that she "speaks as a fool," but whether I am competent to treat of marriage or not, I am sure that when I write of friendship I am no tyro, I know whereof I speak! And I am sure that a marriage that does not include friendship is as much beneath friendship as Earth is beneath Heaven. Moreover if in the matter of marriage I am a dreamer, I have so many married friends who are living my dream that it certainly cannot be said to be a mere dream.

When the wife who is not able to follow her husband's thought does not actually misunderstand him, she is likely to echo him. That I think is worse than to misunderstand. The echoing wife either irritates her husband or ministers to his vanity, in no case does she help him. It is the wife who understands, not the wife who echoes, who can give such counsel as Brynhild gave to Segurd, "the deepest that ever yet was given to living man, and wrought in him the performance of great deeds." And when people fully understand each other, even disagreement does not cause suffering, yet when they have reached a full understanding both of the subject and of each other there will probably be no serious disagreement, for with the understanding will come a modification of each position, until they almost meet.

Now I think that the answer to the question as to whether a wife should understand her husband's specific work or not, depends largely upon how much his work is to him. If he works simply in order that he may live I do not know that anything is gained by her understanding, but if his work is life to him, if instead of working to live he lives to work, I think she should understand at least enough to know how he feels about it. And other things being equal, this understanding is best attained by the woman who has herself done work that she loved, at least sufficiently to know the joy and the suffering that such work brings. Do you remember how the husband in Mr. Ben-

son's "Altar Fire" tells his wife that he cannot tell her how he feels about giving up his work, for it is something that no woman can understand? But any woman to whom any form of artistic or scientific work had ever been life would have understood. Of course, I do not mean to say that the married woman should be doing work of her own during her married life. That is a matter which circumstances must decide, generally she does not have time, there is a feeling that even when she does, it is better that she should be content to inspire the man whom she loves, to work through him. About this I think it impossible to generalize. George Eliot, Mrs. Browning and many others have proved that it is quite possible for a woman both to work and to inspire. In such cases husband and wife inspire each other, not only by comprehending sympathy but each by his or her own work, as persons of the same sex have sometimes done, Goethe and Schiller for instance. When the work of the husband and wife is the same, if for instance they are both writers, each may give the other definite help, while, if they have different occupations, each may become broader and deeper by developing an interest in those things which at first were interesting only to the other.

But when husband and wife are at work on different lines, I think that they should at least be such lines as would appeal to people of the same general temperament. When Mr. Mortimer says

that he does not want a reformer for a wife I suspect that he has in mind not a real reformer, but a bustling busybody. Yet I think that he may be right in not wanting a genuine reformer for *his* wife, for he himself is not a reformer but an artist. A reformer therefore would not make a home for *him*, a place where *he* could be his best. Husband and wife must be at least sufficiently alike to understand each other. The husband with high interests and the wife with purely commonplace interests are not an ideally happy couple, but on the other hand husband and wife with strong interests that separate them may be very unhappy. Artists in different lines understand each other, reformers in different lines understand each other, but the artist and reformer rarely come to a sympathetic understanding even although they understand intellectually. Each is likely to look upon the other's work as more or less child's play, and even when each appreciates the other's results, neither understands the temperament or the conditions necessary to produce such results. The reformer condemns the artist's dreamy solitude, his lack of versatility, his unwillingness to endure interruptions, his seeming, sometimes his real selfishness, while to the artist the reformer is more or less a busybody. So it is perhaps just as well that the artist's wife should not be too much of a reformer.

But if on the other hand, the reformer's wife is not at least sufficient of a reformer to take an

intelligent interest in her husband's ideals, though she might make a home for another man, she fails to make a home, a place where he can be his best, for the man whom she has married. If his whole soul is filled with longing to bring about the kingdom of God upon earth, it hardly satisfies him that she keeps her house well or even beautifully, and brings up her children according to conventional standards. Moreover if living up to his ideals involves sacrifices, and it frequently does, it is hard to ask the wife who is not in sympathy with him to make these sacrifices. When he does ask her he often finds her just as much opposed to his rising above the moral standard of the community, as she is to his falling below it. I fear that she opposes both for the same reason, for just as falling below conventional standards involves social and financial risks, so rising above them involves similar risks.

Long ago Plato pointed out that liking differs from loving chiefly in that it is creative. Love between the sexes means the creation of children, love between persons of the same sex sometimes means the creation of works of art, or some political achievement, or something else by which the world is made better. But I believe that minds as well as bodies have sex, and perhaps we do not yet realize the creative power which may be generated by the contact of the masculine and feminine minds, similar indeed to that generated when the minds of people who love each other of the

same sex come together, but greater. When the great painter for instance marries the woman of his love, if the marriage is ideal there will be children, and when his wife bears him a child she should be able to say to him, "This is our child, you begot it, I bore it. But not only did you beget it. You gave me during pregnancy the very best conditions that you could, in order that I might bring forth a perfect child with as little suffering as possible." But should not he also when he paints a great picture be able to say, "This too is our child, only this time you begot it and I bore it. And not only did you beget it, but you too gave me during pregnancy (for my pregnancy has been as long and perhaps as painful as yours), the best possible conditions, in order that I too might bring forth a perfect child with as little suffering as possible." And as each child which she bears him strengthens his love for her, so should each child which he bears her not strengthen her love for him?

Love means going out of ourselves to find ourselves. The husband needs the wife that he may fulfill himself, the wife needs the husband in order that she may fulfill herself. They should marry not only to make each other happy, but they should be able to say to each other

"More than twice one, beyond all measure more
Shall count this singular two of thee and me."

And their world, the world that is the better for

their union, should be able to answer "It is true."

I am sure that you will forgive this long "preachment" because you understand so well how much I need your sympathy in all my thinking.

Your

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 18th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

You ask me what I mean by a pedant. I suppose that I mean a person who exalts knowledge above everything else except himself, but himself above knowledge. He wants to know simply in order that he may know, not that he may know as a basis for thinking, feeling and acting. Or rather he wishes to know not even that he may know, but that he may be known to know. Just as there are people who want friends, not because they love them, but because they wish to be known to have them, just as there are women who like to wear flowers and jewelry not because of their beauty, or because of any affection for the giver, but because they wish it to be known that someone has admired them enough to give them to them, so there are people, both men and women, who wish to know simply that they may be known to know. And the woman of this type is rather more objectionable than is the man.

To me the woman who is vain of her knowledge is more offensive than the woman who is vain of her beauty. In the first place she is often a person without beauty or any other natural attraction. Had she possessed such attractions, she would probably not have taken the trouble to acquire learning, for it is not knowledge that she

cares for but admiration. Finding that people do not admire her person or her character, she determines that they shall admire her intellectual ability, and when they refuse to do so as they generally do, she feels superior to and despises them, for it is their inferiority which prevents them from appreciating her. So she becomes more intolerable even than the frivolous woman, for this feeling of superiority at least the frivolous woman does not have. And to my mind the woman who prides herself upon her knowledge has less excuse than she has who prides herself upon beauty, for beauty is a thing desirable for itself, whereas mere information has no value, it is only as a basis for something else that it is desirable, and to this something else the pedant never attains or even seeks to attain. And while it may seem at first that pride in learning is justifiable on the ground that it is the result of labor, while beauty is a gift (a large part of it is not a gift, it too has been worked for!), it may be asked why take credit for having worked for that which profits nothing?

Now in the early days of colleges for women there was a good deal of something that passed for pedantry, but which I think was not real pedantry and which even had some justification. It was natural then, perhaps even right, that women should think more of knowledge than of thought and feeling, more of the woman who knew even than of knowledge. It had been maintained

that women could not do certain work, it was the business of that generation of women to prove that they could do it, it was natural therefore that some women should work not so much for work's sake, but that the world might know that they being women, had done what many men and women had believed that woman could not do. Yet when Mary Brown worked in this spirit it was generally not to prove that she, Mary Brown, an individual, could do this thing, but to prove that Mary Brown's sex could do it, quite a different thing. And while Mary Brown may have been a bore, we do owe her a debt of gratitude. But the need for that type of woman has passed away now, and even in her day she was not the highest type, even then she often did more harm than she did good. Now there is certainly no excuse for the woman pedant. You know that I was in Oxford from 1895 to 1897 at the time of the struggle over degrees for women. I thought then and think now that, so long as men have degrees, there are reasons why women should have them too. But I would like to do away with all degrees for both men and women. I believe that thus we should have less pedantry.

Since writing my last it has occurred to me that when wives are truly their husband's companions, sympathizing with them in their work and aspirations, the word uxorious will cease to be a term of reproach. For love for his wife instead of diverting a man from his duty will then become

his highest incentive toward duty. That is a man will no longer have to choose between his wife and duty, but in choosing the one he will have to choose the other. Do you remember how Stella in "The Challoners" is worried because Martin loves music more than he loves her? But when the musician's wife is herself a musician this does not trouble her, and as for the husband he feels that to love his wife is to love music, and to love music is to love his wife.

A married woman told me some time ago that she had often noticed that while the average woman gains in character by marriage the very superior woman seems to lose, becomes more commonplace, less spiritual. If there is any truth in this, and I have sometimes known it to be true, I think the reason is to be found in a remark which a young wife once made to me. She said, "Everything else that I have done has been a means toward an end. Loving my husband seems an end in itself." But I suppose that even love should not be an end in itself, we should work because we love, and love because we work. If we make anything the final end growth stops.

I wonder too whether, when husbands and wives are really companions, they feel that their daughters are cruel when they leave home in order that they may find satisfying work. I confess that I have very little patience with this feeling. Did the wife in the first year of her marriage think that she was to be pited because she must live

alone with her husband? Did she not leave her family and perhaps go to the ends of the earth that she might be with him? Why should she feel that she is to be pitied if at fifty she must again live alone with him? and why should she who has a husband deny to the daughter who has none such form of self-fulfillment as she can work out for herself? At best the unmarried woman will never fulfill herself so fully as the married woman does, why should she be denied that which she can attain unto? I suppose that the real truth is that there are so many husbands and wives who have so little in common that when they want companionship they turn not to each other, but to their children. But my married friends aren't like that.

A woman asked me the other day whether I did not think it better that the unmarried woman should be generally rather than specifically useful. Perhaps sometimes, but my observation is that to be generally useful frequently means to be generally in the way. Under ordinary circumstances I do not want people to help me do my work. I want to do it myself. But while I do not wish to be helped in the ordinary sense of the word, I do wish to be inspired, and only she who works herself can inspire me.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

Goethe!

SOLITUDE, September 20th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I have been spending a great deal of my leisure lately over the "Conversations with Eckermann" and the "Wahrheit und Dichtung." I find Goethe himself more interesting than any of his books, and in this I am sure that he would agree with me. For did ever anyone center life in the self quite so much as he did? making himself the supreme example of personal identity, wanting to find out all of which he was capable in order that he might find out all of which man is capable. For his interest in himself was really his interest in mankind, he must put himself in everybody else's place, be everybody else in turn, that thus he might realize and make us realize that every human life is potentially in every other human life. Thus it was that while he felt comparatively little need of self-control, self-development was an in-born necessity of his nature. To know himself and to cultivate himself, to render an intelligent being still more intelligent, to become perfectly a member of a community, to gain an all-round human sufficiency, by experiencing all the experiences common or uncommon to man, this was his ideal. Nothing must be mere hearsay to him, all must by actual experience be appropriated and assimilated. He speaks of himself as "the mortal"

enemy of mere verbal sounds." As a child when his father imposed long lessons on him he objected, not because he had any objection to the lessons, but because they interfered with his manifold experiences. As a man it was the same feeling that made him bid Eckermann to "beware of a long work, for a long work interferes with experience, and the pleasantness of life is quite lost until it is accomplished."

And how this quest after experience included everything! Nothing less than the whole would satisfy him. He had a universal tolerance of the human with all its essentials. Virtue attracted him, but vice did not especially repel him. "We must be careful," he says, "not to confine ourselves too narrowly to what is moral and decorous. All greatness helps him who is able to apprehend it." He will not make the worse appear the better reason, but he will show the good that there is in it. He recognizes the good in conventional morality, the experience of ages must count, but he must know the why. The why of conventional morality may be wrong, and yet the morality right. To him the one essential was life, therefore the abnormal man attracted him as well as the normal man. He would impose no fixed standards upon individuals, but each is to complete and realize the type of himself to the utmost. "Know thyself and be thyself," that was for him the highest morality.

As he had no fixed standards, so he had no

special opinions which filled his whole heart and mind and for which he was zealous to do battle. He tells us that he early divested himself of all that was foreign to him, all prejudices and traditions, that he simply stood up like a free child of God, let thoughts and experiences come to him and said, "Here am I." He welcomed the experiences that contributed to unlearning what is false as well as those that contribute to learning what is true. For nothing was so joyous to him as to feel himself grow, and he grew by unlearning as well as by learning. Therefore it was an object with him while preserving his own identity to be constantly putting his old self behind him. In reading Arnold's History of the Church he was delighted to find that some of the ideas upon which he had been brought up were false. "The Regeneration," he wrote from Italy, "which is changing me within and without continues to work. The more I am obliged to renounce my former self, the more delighted I am."

To the masses of mankind it is doubtful whether experience ministers to culture. For experience means to most of us simply to come to a realization of our own limitations, and the limitations of those about us. At the beginning of life many paths seem open to us, we trust ourselves and we trust others. The years go on, experiences accumulate, with the result that we lose faith in ourselves and others. One path after another is closed to us. We to whom in youth all the

world lay open find ourselves in middle age obliged to walk in a straight and narrow way, often overburdened with memories of errors committed, of sorrows that have all but overwhelmed us, sometimes of friends who have proved false to us. And so we live in bondage to our experiences, unable to surmount them because unable to understand them. The only salvation is in getting away from them sufficiently to see them in their proper perspective, in standing outside of them and examining them until we can accept them as belonging not to ourselves individually, but as part of the universal experience.

Because Goethe recognized this it was more necessary to him to understand than to experience. What had been taken into him must be put out of him and held far from him in order that he might understand it, for thus only could his intellectual and emotional nature come to rest, thus only could a man of his disposition be preserved from becoming the victim of a series of monomanias. The ever-contradictory world, the world in which evil apparently triumphs, in which so many have no chance, into which so many are born seemingly without the power to resist temptation, was always clumsily and confusedly forcing itself upon him. To set right the confusions, to reconcile the contradictions, to see unity in diversity, harmony in discord, in short to solve the riddle of human existence, that was the object of his life. He went into the world that he might experience, he

withdrew from it in order that he might understand his experiences. Hence the long solitary rambles which constituted the greatest felicity of his youth, those rambles in which he "invented, connected, elaborated and was quietly happy and cheerful with himself." As an old man he commended Jena to Eckermann, because there were in its neighborhood "as many as fifty walks fitted for solitary meditation."

In these precious periods of solitude he devoted himself not so much to understanding the outward circumstances as to understanding what were the results produced in himself by such outward circumstances, and conversely what was the self in whom such outward circumstances could produce such results. For it was not the experience in which he was interested so much as the man who was experiencing. What interested him in the experience that interested him most was not the experience, but its effect upon his development. It was not what happened to him, but what happened in him, that he found important and absorbing. As a result of his experience he found at different times different maxims prevailing in him. These maxims being temporary did not always avail, they were not part of eternal truth. The man who thought them was the real truth, not his thought. Youth, he says, does not stick to false maxims very long, life soon tears or charms them away. Yet the maxims are interesting as explaining the youth who stuck to them

even for a time. Age, he says, is not necessarily wiser than youth, the two together make up life: he who would understand life must understand it in all its stages. So while other men were interested in advantaging themselves, he was interested in understanding himself.

This intense interest in the spirit's life made him object to egotism neither in himself nor in others. He got on with Zimmermann because "what is called vanity rarely disturbed him, and he in return often pretended to be vain also, I did not hesitate to enlarge upon whatever in myself pleased me." Because of his intense desire to understand life, to know what men really were, the egotistical man was to him the interesting man. I suspect that it is the egotistical man who is the interesting man to all of us, only it must be the kind of egotism that happens to please us. For what a man appears to himself is a factor of what he is, he may misunderstand himself, but even that misunderstanding is part of him.

Goethe's egotism developed early, for even as a child it was his chief pleasure to tell tales to the other children of which he himself was the hero. But he maintains that he was saved from vulgar egotism by the instinct of his nature to work up these visions and conceits into artistic form. And doubtless it was in this that his salvation really did lie, for no one puts a purely individual experience into artistic form, it is the artist's business to feel what all men are trying to feel, to think

what all men are trying to think, to say what all men are trying to say. Every man is included in every other man, but the artist includes the multitude more fully than other men do. Considered with reference to himself the moods that he describes, the impressions that he receives are ephemeral. Considered with reference to humanity they are eternal, the moods which must always overtake certain temperaments, the impressions which must always be made upon such temperaments at certain stages of their existence. In moments of artistic creation all thought of the individual self vanishes, the creator is one with his creation. Periods of creative ecstasy are selfless.

Perhaps no man ever included other men quite so consciously as Goethe did. He "believed while he looked into himself that he had never so clearly seen the world." He could "never talk with a man fifteen minutes but that he could make him talk two hours." He found that man in himself; having found him in himself he could of course make him talk indefinitely. Since he found all humanity within himself, he found within himself the possibility of rising to any height or of sinking to any depth. "There is no crime that I could not have committed," he says. Herein lies the secret of his power, does it not? For the poet who is to present human nature to us must himself be conscious of sharing in all its weakness as well as in all its strength. Yet there was one class

of sins that was altogether foreign to Goethe; there was no meanness, no cruelty, no slyness, no suspicion in him. One of the companions of his youth would gladly have made him a proselyte to his contempt for mankind, "but this would not take with me as I always had a great desire to be good myself and to see good in others." The human sins he could understand, but not the inhuman sins.

It was because of his understanding of, and his belief in human nature founded upon that understanding, that he had no enmities. Men might be angry with him, but he was angry with no one; he was too busy analyzing (or shall I say imagining?) motives to be angry with actions. And he always exercised his imagination in behalf of charity. He created souls, how could he be angry with men who had souls? He welcomed criticism, whether kindly or unkindly, for he had too much faith in his own genius to be overwhelmed by it. If men found fault with him instead of being angry he was interested. For whether the charges brought against him were due to something in his own character, or in that of the faultfinder, or in both, in any case there was food for reflection.

A great deal has been written about Goethe's love affairs. I like better to think of his friendships, of that circle of wise men whom he gathered about him in Weimar, who "helped him to good thoughts" and "constituted for him a home." I

am interested to see that there was a tendency on his part, as I think there often is on the part of men who live much in the spirit, to try to monopolize another's spirit. He thought regretfully of the days when Wieland belonged to him alone. "But when Herder came to Weimar, Wieland was false to me; Herder, whose powers of personal attraction were very great, took him away from me."

Even from a one-sided friendship he found it possible to derive much benefit. Herder's satirical criticism failed to alienate him, for he "had conceived so great and powerful an idea of his worth that it absorbed everything of an opposite nature. Whatever proceeded from him had an important if not a cheering effect." He could not remember having destroyed or thrown away one of his letters or even an envelope addressed by his hand.

Yet when all has been said that can be said in praise of Goethe we still feel a lack. Alike in his life and in his writings, we miss the hunger and thirst after righteousness, the passion for morality that we like to think should characterize the truly great man. "Socrates" it has been said "was terribly at ease in Zion." So also Goethe. He was not troubled by a haunting oppressive moral feeling, for he saw sin from the standpoint of the intellectual and emotional nature rather than from the standpoint of the conscience. Hence there was a tendency to minimize it. He

admitted the necessity of a moral struggle, of "the great Idea of Duty which alone can keep us upright." Yet he had very little real sympathy with it. When Schiller insisted that the fall of man was the happiest event in the history of the race, since without it morality was impossible, Goethe thought that we had paid too high a price for morality.

After all is there not something to be said for his position? While it is certain that it is possible to be below morality it is also probable that it is possible to be above it. In the life that is to be, there will probably be no sense of duty, and even here when we are at our best there is none, for at our best moments pleasing God and pleasing the self are one. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Even here we must not cultivate the moral to the exclusion of the spiritual of which the moral is but a part. The command is not only to abhor that which is evil, but to go on unto perfection. And while the obligation to self-control is temporary, the obligation to self-development is eternal.

Nor is it possible for the merely moral man to know either man or God. Out of a tried and troubled and varied experience, both moral and spiritual, we come best to know not only those whom we have seen, but also Him Whom we have not seen. "Man, despite all his follies and sorrows, led by a highest hand, reaches some worthy aim at last." That is the moral of Wilhelm

Meister. "In himself an activity becoming constantly higher and purer, while Eternal Love comes from Heaven to his aid." That is the moral of Faust. But these are truths which the merely moral man could not have discerned.

The aged Goethe stands for us as the type not only of self-development but also of self-control; through the former he attained into the latter. Thus he reversed the ordinary process of mankind.

Endless development, endless growth in power, wisdom and beauty, that was Goethe's history here on earth. And because of the endless necessity that he felt for this development, he was sure that his history would not end with death.

Ever yours,

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 23rd, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

The other day I attended a lecture which I thought extremely interesting, but I was surprised and a little irritated to find that many of the audience were criticising the lecturer quite severely, first because he spoke of his own mother as beautiful, and second because in introducing one of the subdivisions of his subject he said, "Now about this I probably know as much as anyone does." To me who was spellbound by the lecture as a whole it seemed petty to criticise small details like these, even if they had been wrong, but I confess that I could not see that they were wrong; the lecturer was simply stating facts, nor was it necessary to suppose that he was priding himself at all upon these facts. His mother, as it was well known, was a beautiful woman; doubtless he took pleasure in her beauty, but as he did not make it, he could hardly take credit to himself for it. And as for his saying that on a certain subdivision of his lecture he probably knew as much as anyone, it was true, and I think it was desirable that his audience should know it. For on certain phases of the subject which he treated he had no more information than any of us could obtain by a few weeks' cram, but on this he was an authority, and

it was desirable that his audience should know it in order to know what weight to attach to his opinion. It did not seem to me that he prided himself upon being an authority, it was his business to be so, a disgrace if he had not been so.

I think that we are outliving a period of false modesty. It used to be considered necessary for a girl who most obviously had beautiful hair, if it were commented upon, to deny it. Now she takes it as a matter of course. It used to be considered vanity for a woman to take proper care of her personal appearance, now it is simply a duty. I really think Eleanor Richard's children took the proper position on this subject. Once when they were with their mother on a boat on the great lakes, they came running to her exclaiming, "Mother we were looking in the mirror, when a lady came along and asked us if we thought that we were pretty, and as we were looking right in the glass and saw that we were, we said, 'Yes.'" It seems to me that that was the ideal attitude. Looking in the glass they saw that they were pretty just as they might have seen that they were tall or short, light or dark, and they took it as a matter of course. It was no credit to them, but it was a fact, and why should they not take it just as they took any other fact? You know that Ruskin says that modesty is the measuring virtue, that the modest man is not the great man who thinks that he is a little man, but the great man who knows that he

is a great man, and doesn't think any better of himself for it. So much is involved in being a great man, that I confess I shrink a little from the thought of anyone knowing that he is a great man, but I am sure that the able man is modest not when he does not know his ability but when he does know it, and doesn't think any better of himself for it.

And frankly I do not object to people talking about themselves. On the contrary, when I really find a person interesting, I like him best when he talks about himself. Of course I am sometimes bored when some people talk about themselves, but they are generally people who bore me when they talk about anything, while when interesting people talk to me about subjects of general interest, I am often interested in what they have to say not so much because of the light that it throws upon the subject, as because of the light that it throws upon themselves. We all like to have great people tell us about themselves, to read the autobiographies of great men. But men who are not great or at least have not achieved great things often have the same temperaments, are the same kind of people as those that have achieved, and therefore just as interesting. Of course there should be proportions in one's speech, one should not talk too much about the self, but the truly interesting person generally proportions it aright, because no one is interesting except as he has interests, and of course he will talk about

these interests. But I believe that the interesting person is most interesting when he talks about himself, and we would all recognize this if we were not prejudiced against that kind of talk.

I think that the prejudice arises from supposing that to talk about one's self necessarily involves conceit. On the contrary I believe that to consciously avoid talking about one's self, to refrain from telling a story that fits into the conversation, because one happens to play a part in it, indicates more real conceit than to tell it. For it involves self-consciousness, a consciousness perhaps that the story would indicate that one has done something or been somewhere or met somebody that others have not. Of course one should not drag in a story to tell what one has done, and one should always consider one's company and try to talk about things that would interest and not hurt anyone present, but I think that generally speaking there is no objection to telling a story about one's self that it would be proper to tell about anyone else, unless indeed it involves a compliment paid to the self. One should simply not think about one's self, but tell the story because it is a good story. Max Müller tells us that at dinner parties he even sometimes fastened stories upon himself that belonged to others, because to explain their origin would involve a wearisome circumlocution, and that when he had done this a few times, he sometimes even forgot that he was not really the hero! The frankness and

naïveté of this avowal are certainly delightful, and while I am not sure that the practice was justifiable, I suspect that if the stories were good, (and they must have been if Max Müller told them), his table companions listened all the more eagerly, because they believed that he was talking about himself. For it is the personal touch after all that counts; would we not all rather listen to a person who tells us even a little thing that he himself heard Tennyson or Browning say than a person who repeats quite an important thing that he read in a book! When I was younger I sometimes heard people criticised for talking about themselves, or their work, and they generally seemed to me to be the most interesting people, the people who had most to give me. They were not conceited, they were interested in certain things, and they simply thought too little about themselves to realize whether the things they told involved or did not involve themselves.

But when I say that I do not object to a certain amount of egotism, that does not mean that I do not object above all things to self-consciousness and conceit. Nothing is so abominable to me as the singer who sings, the writer who writes, the speaker who speaks because he wishes to be admired. I can never forget the repulsion, the almost physical pain that I once felt on hearing a great singer who, I thought, was singing for admiration. One should speak, write, sing, paint because one has to do it or because one has a mes-

sage to deliver, never, never to be admired! John Stuart Mill says that the desire for fame has always been a great incentive to men to work, and that one reason that women have not done great artistic or intellectual work is because they have not cared for fame. My impression is that the main reason why women have not done such work is because they have been fully occupied, generally necessarily so, with the every-day of life. I wonder whether anyone ever really does good work for the sake of fame. If the desire for fame is the last infirmity of noble minds, it is an infirmity that really noble minds get over soon. Possibly with some people the desire for fame may be one motive in starting out to work, but very soon they work simply for love of the work; work because they can't help themselves. While they work they do not think at all of fame, and if they enjoy it when it comes (some features of it they certainly do not enjoy), it is because they like to feel that they have not worked for themselves alone, the fact that they can draw others into sympathy with them justifies them in giving their lives to that which they love so much.

But I do not think that delight in achievement is necessarily conceit. It is quite possible for one to be overjoyed with the results that one has obtained, and yet realize all the time that it is not he that has done it, but God Who is working in him, that he has simply been thinking God's thoughts after Him. Claire MacIan said the

other day, one of the many good things that Claire has said, that there would have been no objection to little Jack Horner if when he put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, he had said "What a fine plum this is," instead of saying "What a great boy am I." I would add also that he should take pleasure in the fine plums that other people draw.

But even a failure to do this does not always mean conceit. Ellen Terry says that Henry Irving was so absorbed in his own achievements that he never seemed to appreciate the achievements of others. I am inclined to think that Irving was not so absorbed in his achievements, that is in his results, as he was in achieving. For Miss Terry tells us that he had everything against him as an actor. "He could not speak, he could not walk, he could not *look*. He wanted to do things in a part, and he could not do them. His amazing power was imprisoned, and only after long and weary years did he succeed in setting it free." It took all his time and strength to set this power free, there was simply none left to follow and appreciate other people's work. This is a limitation, but I think not always a fault for after all a man's main business is to do his own work, not to appreciate other people's. When it is not possible to do both, the latter must yield to the former.

Miss Terry further tells us that Irving "was an egotist of the great type, and all his faults

sprang from egotism, which is after all another name for greatness." And there is certainly a kind of egotism which is a source of greatness. Goethe for instance was the supreme egotist, but his interest in himself was really an interest in humanity. If he wanted to know of what he was capable, it was mainly in order that he might know of what humanity is capable. A big person is one who sees beneath the surface of things, has sufficient imagination to put himself in other people's places, but how put yourself in another's place except as you know yourself? and how know yourself except as you think about yourself, and talk about yourself? But this kind of egotism does not tend to make one concentrate upon the self; on the contrary it causes one to reach out to others, to all sorts and conditions of men and women, to be both sympathetic and charitable.

YOUR CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 26th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I have been spending the evening at the house of a university professor. A number of people were present who are recognized as authorities on subjects in which I am interested, and I had looked forward eagerly to meeting them. But I came away with a feeling of disappointment and depression, for instead of the conversation to which I had been looking forward so eagerly, and from which I had hoped to carry away so much, we played games! Now I never want to play games except with people who are too stupid to talk, and when such a company as I have been with this evening spend the time in this way, it seems like wasting one of the rare chances of life.

And yet I have been in companies of university people both here and in England, where there were no games, where half a dozen or more men and women, whose reputations would justify one in expecting them to be very interesting, have sat together around a dinner table, or before an open fire with their teacups, and the result has been equally depressing. Either there was very little talk, or else it was all surface cackle, indulged in simply to fill the time, no one really interested in what either he or anyone else was saying.

My impression is that this tendency either not to talk at all, or if one does talk to choose subjects that by no possibility can interest either speaker or listener, is peculiar to the English-speaking race. My brother used to tell me that he enjoyed taking meals at a restaurant in New York frequented largely by Germans, the reason being that he heard so much good talk. The men who met there sometimes did not know each other's names, but they plunged at once into conversation on subjects of general interest, politics, literature, music, art, and the opinions which they expressed were worth hearing.

I remember once dining in the home of an American university professor, where a German scholar of some prominence was among the guests. He afterwards expressed to me his dissatisfaction with the way in which the evening had been spent. "A very nice house," he said, "very good food, very well served; very well dressed, very well mannered people. But they didn't say anything!" In Germany possibly the house would not have been so artistic, perhaps the people would not have been so well dressed, probably the manners would have been less graceful, but there would have been more to carry away, for such men would have talked, and they would have said something worth saying. In America I think that there is a tendency to admire the silent man, particularly if he has a reputation for knowing a great deal. Now I admit that there is a

certain kind of silence that gives the impression of strength and is therefore not without its charm, and yet when after a discussion at which I have been present, I hear people say as I sometimes do, "Did you notice how silent So-and-So was? He really knew more about the subject than anyone present, but he is so modest he wouldn't say anything," I confess that I feel myself defrauded. If he really knew more than the rest of us, he ought to have given us the benefit of his knowledge. And while no one objects more than I do to the person who talks for the sake of putting himself forward, I have no objection whatever to the person who talks because he has something to say, and thereby does put himself forward. And especially I have no quarrel with him when I observe that he is just as ready to listen to some one else who really has something to say, as he is to talk himself.

Of course when scholars get together the difficulty sometimes is that they are all specialists, and unless they are specialists in the same line they feel that it is bad form to talk about their specialty, and it is difficult for them to talk about anything else, so they are silent and pre-occupied, they seem utterly devoid of social gifts. Yet either by introducing some topic in which all men who are really alive are interested, or by deftly drawing them out on such phases of their specialties as can be made of general interest, I have seen the right hostess turn such a company into

the most brilliant conversationalists. Such a hostess was my friend Mrs. Thomas in Oxford. She possessed a grasp of the different individuals that surrounded her that amounted almost to genius. She was not a great talker herself, but what she did say was illuminating; she sent every one else away contented, for she saw the possibilities in every remark; she always had not merely a polite, but a genuine interest in what other people thought, and she had the power of helping a speaker to develop what lay behind a crude or even irritated expression of opinion, so as to reveal a most interesting point of view and give food for thought to all present. Her guests left her drawing-room surprised and delighted with themselves, they had no idea that they could talk so well. Such social talent is often attributed wholly to unselfishness, and to keen interest in others; it is believed that it is largely the result of cultivation, and that it is everybody's or at least every woman's duty to cultivate it. This I deny, I am sure that it is a natural gift; like every other natural gift it may be improved by cultivation, but cultivation without the gift can avail little. And just as the person who is herself interested in what she is saying generally interests me, while the person who is trying to interest me enrages me, so the person who is really interested in what I am saying draws me out, while the person who tries to draw me out irritates me. The

main thing is to be interested, to be interested whether one speaks or listens, and then one is generally interesting.

It is probably true that the good listener is rarer and more unselfish than the good talker. And the good listener is never criticised, the good talker frequently is, for people feel that no matter how well a man talks, he ought not to talk too much. It is probably this feeling among English-speaking people that sometimes leads to the silence of which my German friend complains. Now I admit that when a person who has nothing to say monopolizes the conversation it is very tiresome, but I should criticise him not on the ground that he has talked too much, but on the ground that he has talked too much about nothing. I have friends who by their unselfish listening, questioning and suggesting, help me to clarify and formulate my vague, perhaps unconscious thinking. To them I owe a debt of gratitude, but do I not also owe a debt of gratitude to those who by the clear expression of their own ideas have awakened new lines of thought in me? I do not know which helps most; the ability to do either is a gift, and each must use the gift that he has. But I am sure that he who arouses an interest in big things that are interesting him helps more, than he who takes an interest in the petty things that are already interesting people. Somehow conversation should be directed to that which is worth while by drawing out latent interest if

it is possible, otherwise by seeking to implant new interests. Not that I would entirely exclude discussion of the every-day of life, but when commonplace matters are discussed somehow their bearings upon the great whole should be made manifest. And of course if a person's natural tendency is to monopolize the conversation it is his business to check himself, and see that he gives others a chance, nor should he allow his interest in what he is saying to make him neglectful of the common courtesies of life. That, however, is his business. My business is not to consider whether he talks too much, but to consider whether what he says is worth while. And for the person who is interested in great things, humble and sincere, I can never have any severe criticism. Such a person is sure to help and it is better that he should help in his own way, not in somebody else's way.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, September 28th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

Renan thinks that to Jesus as to anyone possessed with an idea friendship was more than the ties of blood, but that even his friends were less to him than he was to them, the idea filled his life. I believe that it is often true, that when the idealist who is striving to realize his idea is so unfortunate as to have a family who cannot sympathize with him and thus become his friends, friendship is more than the family tie. But is it true that people possessed with an idea, artists, scholars, philanthropists, statesmen, are not so capable of love as are commonplace people?

There are some things that seem to point that way. The philanthropist sometimes seems to love man too much to love men. The artist generally has a kindly feeling toward mankind, but he frequently does not wish to give time to individuals, his work takes his time and strength, there is none to give to people, nor does he need them, for his work also satisfies his emotional nature. But after all this inability to love both man and men, this incapacity for both art and love, is the sign of a limited nature. Our greatest statesmen, our greatest philanthropists, our greatest artists have also been our warmest lovers and friends. So we may be sure that Jesus was big enough to love

both righteousness and man, strong enough to love both man and men.

Jesus' childhood and youth were probably lonely. His brethren did not understand Him, nor believe in Him. His mother's understanding of Him was most imperfect. I cannot think of Him as having friends in His boyhood, people with a mission are likely to pass their youth apart until they have reached a place where others recognize that they have a mission. Indeed children who for any reason are very different from other children are not likely to make friends. Perhaps during this period Jesus did not feel the need of companionship. He may have preferred to be alone that He might the better communicate with His Father and with His own heart.

But just as soon as He was ready to enter upon His public ministry He began to look about Him for friends. John the Baptist recognized Him from the beginning as the Messiah, but there seems to have been no close intercourse between Jesus and John. But one day when John was standing with two of His disciples, He looked upon Jesus as He walked, and said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The two disciples heard Him speak and they followed Jesus. And Jesus turned and beheld them following and said unto them "What seek ye?" and they said into Him, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" He said unto them, "Come and see." They came therefore and saw where He abode, and they abode with Him that

day. What did they talk about that first day alone with Jesus? We cannot tell except that the day after one of the two, Andrew, felt justified in saying to his brother Simon, "We have found the Messiah." How they must have looked back to that day as the turning point in their lives! Those of us who can remember a day upon which we met for the first time one who has become dearer to us than life, one who has perhaps changed our whole lives, have perhaps a faint understanding of what that day was to them. But was it not also a most happy and memorable day in His life, the day on which He made His first human friends?

Why did He need friends, especially why did He need the twelve who were always with Him? Of course, it was necessary to the success of His mission that there should be some, who by constant contact with Him, could understand Him in such a way as to carry on His work, for He could only begin to do and to teach. But I believe that He also needed them for the reason that we all need friends, that they might reveal Him to Himself, that He might find Himself in loving them! Does not love always go out of itself to find itself? Can anyone who has never loved another either know his powers or use them aright? Jesus Himself, bears witness that He was no exception to this rule; He could not, He says, manifest Himself unto the world, but only unto those whom He had chosen out of the world, could only manifest

Himself to those who, by their love and sympathy, imperfect though they were, had helped Him to be Himself. "But," he says to them, "what I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light." That is they who had helped Him to manifest Himself to them were now to manifest Him to the world. And we know what He was, because they have told us what He was to them.

To one of the Twelve He made very special manifestations of Himself, for there was one whom He specially loved, and His most intimate conversations have come down to us through him. I have no difficulty in believing the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel to have been the true Jesus, even truer than the Jesus of the Synoptists. He manifested Himself to the Twelve as not to the world, but He manifested Himself to John as not to the other eleven.

Jesus needed His friends too because He needed their sympathy in His trials and temptations. "Ye are they who have continued with Me in my temptation," He said to them on the last night of His life. And yet how feebly they had continued with Him! Two out of the three who loved Him most wanted fire called down from Heaven to kill the Samaritans. When on that journey to Jerusalem, feeling their lack of sympathy He must needs walk apart from them, they, as they followed, were afraid; they felt that there was that in His manner and bearing which indicated that something great was ahead of Him.

Yet it was of an earthly kingdom that they thought. "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" They were constantly disputing as to who should be the greatest, even on the last night of His life they quarreled about this. So even those who understood Him best, misunderstood Him most grossly. There is a story that when a great philosopher came to die he said bitterly, "There is only one man in the world who understands me, and he misunderstands me." Had Jesus had any bitterness in Him, He certainly had cause to feel the same way. Indeed I think it was the loneliness of His life as much as anything else that made Him the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief. But the apostles, imperfectly as they had understood and loved, had at least understood and loved better than anyone else, to that extent they had helped Him, and so on His last night with them, from a very full heart He thanked them.

Others attempted to join the little band of intimates, but Jesus objected. Among those who came closest to Him, there must be none who were not willing to give up all for Him. "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." "Follow Me, and let the dead bury their dead." "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me." Yet there was one young man whom Jesus beholding loved, loved him at first sight, loved him so much that He wanted him

with Him always, wanted him for an apostle. But the young man was not willing to satisfy the Master's need, and so he who might have filled St. John's place or St. Paul's disappears from sight, we do not even know His name.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, October 1st, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

What was the trouble with the rich man in the parable? As you say there is nothing wrong in being clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day. We do not read that he was given to vice, there is no reason to think that he was, it is even a little gratuitous to suppose that he was cruel to Lazarus. I believe that what was wrong in him was not that he was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, but that this was his life-history; when we have said this we have said all that there was to be said about him, he lived a purely physical existence.

That is the temptation of the modern Lazarus and the modern Dives alike. Lazarus has no time, no means, no training that would enable him to think of anything but the body, but when he is not incapacitated, as was the Biblical Lazarus, he at least has the advantage over Dives of being obliged to work in order that he may provide for the body. On the other hand it is possible for Dives to make his body so very comfortable without work that he simply spends his time in enjoying the comfort. Both body and spirit are given over to idleness with the result that the spirit almost ceases to exist. Other men's spirits are

made to minister to his flesh. The flesh of still other men, women and children are worn out that his flesh may be more comfortable, with the result that their spirits are not born.

Even when the rich man's son is engaged in business enterprise as he generally is in America, the interests and pleasures of his life, often legitimate interests and pleasures, frequently keep him from looking outward or upward, incapacitate him for high enterprise, self-denying effort, difficult achievement. It is the transitory fairyland of pleasure open to the rich that keeps them out of the permanent land of promise. Worse perhaps than actual vice is the just living from day to day, the not making choices, the paralysis of will. University professors tell us that rich men's sons who come under their instruction are no more likely to be given to vice than are poor men's sons, but they are much less likely to take honors. The difficulty with them is that they choose the line of least resistance, or rather that they don't choose at all. "When one can do what he pleases," said Louis XIV, "it is difficult to please what is right." The trouble is that not only is it difficult to please what is right, but it seems to be difficult to please anything consistently, make any choice and stick to it.

I have thought a good deal about the parable of the unjust steward. Why did his lord commend him? Was it not because he had an object in his life, and to this object he was willing to

make his whole life subordinate? The object was unworthy, and the means which he employed to carry it out were still more unworthy, but it was an object, he did not drift. Get a worthy object, Jesus would say, and then be just as earnest in carrying it out as the unjust steward was in carrying out his unworthy object. Indeed I think that He meant to teach the same lesson by the parable of the unjust steward as Browning meant to teach by his poem, "The Statue and The Bust." Browning did not mean to commend immorality, nor did Jesus mean to commend dishonesty. Both meant to say, "Don't drift. Let a man contend to the uttermost for his life's set prize!" Have a set prize, and then contend to the uttermost toward it.

I think that in America great wealth is more often injurious to a girl than to a boy. Perhaps more boys actually go to the bad, but there are more girls who just drift. The rich boy sees his father bearing heavy responsibilities, and it is often his ambition to take his place or a similar place. But for the girl there is nothing very obviously ahead except social life, and that frequently becomes her only ambition. Even in the matter of an education the rich girl has found a royal road to learning. She goes to Europe, where in a superficial way she picks up a good deal of information, without working for it. She finds that in ordinary society she often appears to know as much as does her sister who has worked,

and that cures her of all desire to work. Far be it from me to under-rate the value of a sojourn in Europe, but whereas I used to think that they were happy who could go abroad very young, I now doubt this. If girls go abroad instead of working (of course it is possible to go abroad and work), they do not acquire the habit of work, that is they lose their chance of the best thing that life has to offer. For it is only by work that any of us can be saved, saved mentally, saved morally, saved physically. Even from a trip to Europe one only gets what one brings to it, and there is nothing that we can bring that is worth bringing that is not the product of work.

A physician whose practice is chiefly among wealthy women amused and saddened me once by telling me that a large proportion of his patients were suffering from "nervous prosperity." That is a disease which prosperous women who work do not have. A story came out some time ago in one of our popular magazines of a millionaire who saved his wife from nervous prostration, otherwise nervous prosperity, by making her believe that he had lost his property, and so returning to a small country village where they lived in a small house. She did her own work and was interested in the activities of the village.

There is nothing demoralizing in wealth, except as it is regarded as furnishing exemption from work and responsibility. The rich woman should work more rather than less than the

woman in moderate circumstances. The difference should be simply as has been well said that the poor woman does not receive her pay until her work is done, whereas the rich woman gets her pay before she begins her work, therefore she is the more bound in honor to do it. She has, too, the inestimable advantage of being able to choose her work, and being able to choose that which she can do best, is all the more bound to do it. Of course I know that this power of choice is not always an advantage. It is much easier to do the obvious duty than to find one's duty. The rich woman needs more education than the poor woman, not only because the work that she should do requires more education, but also because it takes a well-balanced, well-trained mind to choose one's work wisely.

To go back to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, I think that there is still another lesson to be learned from it. I believe that Christ means to point out that the state of society which makes possible such contrasts between wealth and poverty is a wrong state. If we do not see the unrighteousness of it, we are among those "who would not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Jesus means also to teach that these distinctions between rich and poor will last but a very little while. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out of it. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we shall be changed, Lazarus may be as

Dives, and Dives as Lazarus. There is therefore nothing in wealth to pride ourselves upon.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.

SOLITUDE, October 1st, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

I have been re-reading "Chantecler," living over again the time that we saw it together. Since the days of Browning nothing has been written that has appealed to me quite so much. Have you noticed that it deals with many of the problems that you and I have been thinking about this summer?

How forcefully for instance it brings out the mistake of supposing that a wife has fulfilled her duty, when she has made what, in the ordinary sense, would be considered a comfortable home for her husband! The Pheasant Hen would doubtless have made not only a comfortable but even a beautiful home for Chantecler, and as she understood love, she loved him, loved him so much that she was willing to die for him. Yet in all literature is there a more dismal failure as a wife than hers? And all because she could not understand, could not appreciate his work!

For Chantecler sought in her not merely comfort, but force and inspiration. He fondly dreamed that their love would be what Mazzini says that love should be, "the union of souls that aspire together"; he had hoped that their lives together would be a joint service of the high, the beautiful, the divine. Or rather to put it in his

own words, more beautiful than any other words could be, he believed that she would be to him "a living commandment ever to worship that which comes from the East."

There was to be no antagonism between love for her and love for the Day, but since love was to give him strength, henceforth the Day was to be more beautiful than the Day. "And the wish to please you," he says, "adding its ardor to the ordinary forces of my soul, I shall rise in singing, as I feel to unusual heights, and the dawn will rise more fair to-day than ever it was before!" When the Pheasant Hen cries excitedly, "I love you!" Chantecler answers, "Every word that you whisper into my ear shall be translated into sunshine for all the world to hear!" And to another cry of "I love you!" he replies, "Say it again, and I will gild that mountain!" When the combination of faith and love does not remove mountains, it gilds them.

Then do you remember that when Chantecler's task is accomplished, when he has made the Day, he turns to the Pheasant Hen and says, "Come to my heart and let me thank you!" That is, "You did it just by understanding me, just by letting me love you!" "Kennst du die eigene Lieder nicht?"

But alas! Chantecler was mistaken, the Golden Pheasant does not understand! In spite of the fact that he has told her that he "only lives when killing himself giving forth great splendid cries,"

she keeps urging him to rest; why should he wear himself out? Rest? Chantecler pause in the midst of creative ecstasy, and rest? In that hour what rest could appeal to him save the rest of that happy land, where "they rest not day nor night," for "His servants do continually serve Him?" But this the Pheasant Hen, who has never loved work for its own sake, cannot possibly understand.

And when she does catch a faint glimmer of what his work is to him, it only serves to make her jealous. Will he never stop thinking of the light of Day, and think only of the light in her eyes? Why, why did it not suffice her to remember that when in the first rapture of love she had exclaimed, "I see your work growing in the distance!" he had replied, "I see it in your eyes!" Why could she not share his Idea, and thus never become merely "a female whose eternal rival is the Idea!" From the time that she forced him to realize this rivalry, while he might still "strain her to his cock's heart," he might never again "fold her to his awakener's soul." Physical love remained, spiritual love was dead, and with that knowledge respect for her, perhaps even respect for himself, must largely have passed away.

Then do you notice how Chantecler answers the question as to whether the man whose soul is filled with an Idea has room for love too? It is this man, he tells us, and only this man who can love! "There is no great love outside the shadow

of a great Dream?" How I love him for those words, the finest that he ever spoke! But the beloved must share the dream, for only thus can she and the dream never become rivals.

Chantecler too, answers the question which I have been asking myself all summer, How shall one know his vocation? How can he be sure that he has sufficient ability to be justified in devoting his life to that which he loves more than life? The answer is that when one works in a given line because he must, because necessity is laid upon him as it was upon St. Paul, so that he cannot choose but work, he may be sure that he is called of God. He may be mistaken as to the purpose which God means to accomplish through his work, but as to the work itself he cannot be mistaken. Chantecler must sing his song; if it does not, as he fondly believed, rout the night, it still serves God's purpose, for it routs the night of the eyelid. So having witnessed the death of his dream, he does not die, but rises stronger than ever before, for a better because truer dream, has taken its place. And if ever he is tempted to doubt the value of his work he knows that the one way to overcome temptation is to "buckle down to work."

Again how Rostand teaches that each must be himself, not try to be another! Chantecler regrets that he makes no one weep, the Nightingale that he awakens no one, Chantecler that his song is too red, the Nightingale that his is too blue! But "each must sing the song that he knows, must

sing on, even while knowing that there are songs that he prefers to his own."

Among the minor characters it is the Black Bird that interests me most, the conventionally correct Black Bird who, having no soul of his own, fails to recognize the soul in Chantecler; the bird who never whistles his song to the end, who takes his exercise indoors, who has taste but not much taste, since to wear black is too easy a way of having taste; who always pecks two kinds of seed, for "the chief thing about the Black Bird is that you can't tell what he is"; and who keeps busy at the hardest and most unprofitable of all tasks, "trying never to appear a fool!" And thus not being willing to be a fool part of the time, he succeeds in being one all the time!

Well dear, thank God, Rostand, and Maud Adams for "Chantecler"! How glad I am that we saw it together!

YOUR CONSTANCE.

P. S. Yes, I have read Mr. Benson's "Child of the Dawn," and am all aglow with it. But do you remember that Charmides says, "I have loved beauty, and not intemperately; and there have been people, men and women, whom I have loved in a sense; but the love of them has always seemed a sort of interruption to the life I desired." But the love of the right person is never an interruption to the artist. "They that wait upon (love) the Lord, shall renew their strength." So he who loves anyone who understands, or whom he

can even fancy understands, renews his strength, and works as never before; works, because he cannot stop himself; runs and is not weary, walks and does not faint.

SOLITUDE, October 4th, 1912.

Dear Beatrice:

This is probably the last letter that I shall write you this vacation, I suppose that it is the last mail that could reach you before you sail, and I am very busy getting ready to return to school. I know that I shall enjoy it after I get there, but it is much harder to go back after a summer at home than after a summer in Europe. After all there is no normal life for either man or woman except in the home. Even I feel that, I who enjoy institutional life more than anyone I know! This summer the home life has been exceedingly sweet and precious, I have loved it so much that it has been hard to go away even for a day. Father, Mother, Eleanor and I have read together, talked together, thought together, and I don't need to tell you that we who were so close to each other before, have grown closer. Even when members of the family have such different tastes that there cannot possibly be any friendship in the sense of fellowship, the tie of blood, the common memories, even the mutual sacrifices that living together has involved, must make them dear to each other. But when people have the good fortune that you and I have to have friendship included in the family relation, then is the family most precious.

One of the best things about the family relations is that they are so secure, so little danger of rupture. Friends are always congenial, they have chosen each other on the ground of congeniality. Parents and children, brothers and sisters are not always congenial. On the other hand the friend who has been chosen because she is supposed to possess certain qualities, may reasonably fear that love may cease if she is unable to live up to her friend's idea of her. But we do not choose our fathers and mothers, our sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters nor were we chosen by them, and while we may love each other partly because of certain congenialities, we love primarily because we are fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, and that nothing can change.

Then there is something in the fact that family affection, the love that has no conscious beginning, is so restful. Of course I do not mean that we do not suffer because of the family affections; we suffer when members of the family suffer and when they do wrong; moreover there is often a great deal of irritability in a family and this causes pain, but the love itself is not painful, there is not the joyous excitement or the intense pain that accompanies new love. Not that this pain and excitement is anything against new love. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Every new love is a new birth in which we get a better view of the

kingdom, and birth is always accompanied by pain. And yet there is something very comforting about the love that is painless.

Then it is in the home, not in the school, that we have perfectly normal relations with the outside world, live as we should, among men, women and children. In term time I see very little of anyone save my students and colleagues. I cannot say that I miss the world, my work is so delightful, my colleagues and students so dear. Yet here in this quiet country place there are a number of people who are doing a great deal of the world's work, who make me realize how out of the world I live, how small a part books play in the life of the world, how different reading about things is from doing them. And yet after all I am doing my part, for if I live out of the world it is that I may help to fit girls to live in it. Only I must not live out of it all the time, I must devote at least three months of the year to getting acquainted with the world for which I am trying to fit the girls. And after all woman's real world is the home, not Europe, not the theater and opera, though these are well in their way, but the home with all that enters into it, and all to which it reaches out, that is the world centering in the home.

And yet much as the home has been to me this summer, I realize as never before that the unmarried woman must have work of her own, even though it necessitates her going out of the home.

So much work has been taken out of the home, there are so many conveniences to make what has been left easy, that it seems impossible for more than one woman to occupy her time there. And neither home nor any other place can be beloved if it is a place of idleness. So if we would continue to love the home we must leave it, going wherever our work may call us, in order that when in resting times we return to it, it may be dearer than ever.

And as going out of the home has made me love the home more, so going away from the family has made me love the family more. For when I return to them it is not only as daughter and sister, but as friend. The long periods of absence have broken down the family reticence, we talk to each other as friends talk to each other.

Yet you know me well enough to know how much I love the school life when I do get back to it! Indeed if it saddens me to leave home now, it saddens me almost as much to leave school in June. I sometimes think that the one drawback to the school life is that it is too happy, too selfishly happy. Of course in a sense the teacher gives her life to others, but there is so little about teaching that I do not enjoy for its own sake, whereas I am sure that if I were a wife and mother, I should have a great deal to do that I should not enjoy except as I felt that I was doing something for those whom I loved.

Isn't it strange that we never quite feel that we

are serving except as we are doing something that we don't like to do? I heard the other day of a New England clergyman of a by-gone generation who very much enjoyed working in his garden, and because his family was large and his salary was small, it was quite desirable that he should spend his leisure in that way. Yet he always questioned whether a Christian had a right to spend so much time doing anything which he enjoyed doing so much as he enjoyed working in his garden. We smile at the old Puritan, but he lives in us.

May you have a good voyage! And let me have a visit from you as soon as possible after you land.

Your loving

CONSTANCE.



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